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The Bystander, December 24, 1924

No. 1099. Vol. LXXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

Bassano

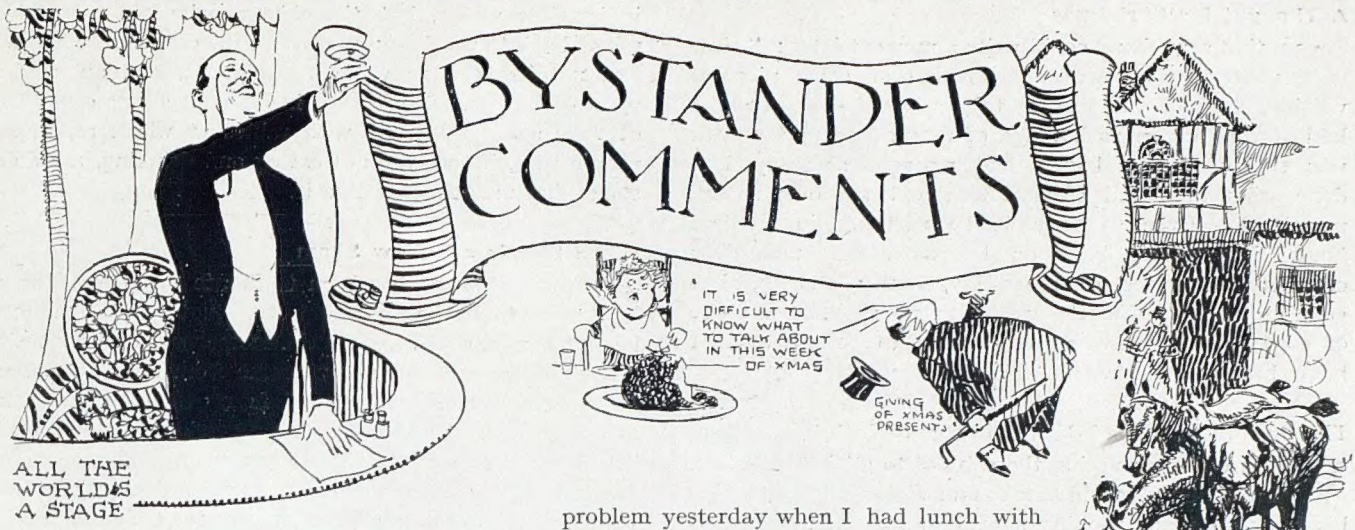
MISS GWEN LE BAS

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Le Bas, of 62, Redington Road and Angmering, Sussex, whose engagement to Mr. Hugh Sale Ford (5th Dragoon Guards) was recently announced. Miss Le Bas is a well-known figure in London Society, and was one of the Duchess of York's Maids of Honour at the Rockefeller Foundation Ball

The Paradox of "Not at Home"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

It sometimes happens that, even at the height of the festive season, the best society people secure a quiet evening to themselves!



This Week of Christmas

IT is very difficult to know what to talk about in this week of Christmas. I might bore you with a learned disquisition on the origin and development of the Festival. I might grow sentimental on its Peace and Goodwill aspect, even going so far as to point an international moral by dragging in the League of Nations.

Endless Possibilities

OR, again, it would be quite in order to deal playfully with the giving and receiving of Christmas presents. One could write a series of imaginary letters in the best E. V. Lucas vein, or one might contribute a polished essay after the style of the inimitable Max. The possibilities are endless, but all, let it be admitted, a trifle hackneyed.

Let's Talk of Inns

SUPPOSE we talk of Inns. We have our precedent in those jolly old coaching prints and coloured pictures with which Cecil Aldin has so often gladdened our hearts—the old cobbled court-yard, the steaming horses, the rubicund squire and the boys freshly returned for the holidays. In these days of motoring, such jolly scenes have an almost museum-like flavour, but they serve to remind us that Christmas was a far more picturesque festival in the days of our grandfathers than it is ever likely to be again.

Lots in a Name

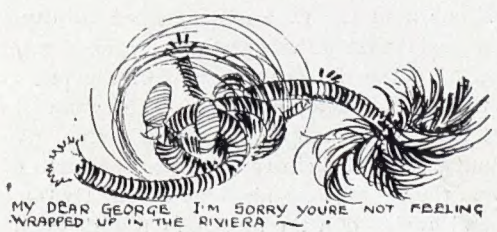
AND the names of those old inns! A play has just been produced which borrowed its title from an old inn on the Bath Road. *The Man With the Load of Mischief!* What could have been the origin of such a sign as that? I suppose I could have settled the problem yesterday when I had lunch with the author of the play, but I preferred to be left in speculative ignorance. It is so much more interesting to remain in a state of philosophic doubt than to unravel the last of life's minor secrets.

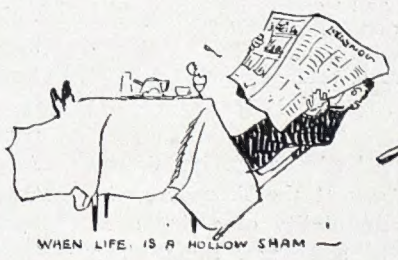
Hard, Bright Little Brains

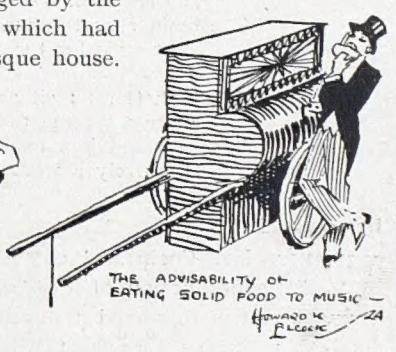
WHAT a bore these human encyclopædias are apt to become. How much jollier to sit over a large wood fire and invent impossible explanations, than to have the true facts of the case hurled at one across a gas stove! The man with the hard, bright little brain who believes that there is only one way of killing a cat, knocks all the fun out of life. The wrong reason is, as a rule, so infinitely preferable to the right reason—and the right reason is so often the wrong one that you can frequently catch the wretched fellow in a verbal net of his own weaving. And that is why, with your permission, we will permit the origins of *The Man With the Load of Mischief* to remain " wropt in mystery."

Ineptitude and Brutality

TALKING of country inns, has the advent of the touring motorist and the " sharry-bang " resulted in any improvement since the days when George Gissing castigated them in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*? We know how he must have suffered, for the pages devoted to a certain " hotel " in a certain Sussex market town are the only ones that are not filled with quiet kindness in all that gentle book. He failed to find even the pretence of civility; the waiters and waitresses did their work with an indifference which only softened to a condescending interest at the moment of his departure, and he was enraged by the common ineptitude and brutality which had possession of an old and picturesque house.







A Thought for Christmas

And that same hand could write a moment later: "How many a time after long labour on some piece of writing, brought at length to its conclusion, have I laid down the pen with a sigh of thankfulness; the work was full of faults, but I had wrought sincerely, had done what time and circumstance and my own nature permitted. Even so may it be with me in my last hour. May I look back on life as a long task duly completed—a piece of biography, faulty enough, but good as I could make it—and, with no thought but one of contentment, welcome the repose to follow when I have breathed the word 'Finis.'"

The Private Poems of Victor Bridges

We are always urging the cobbler to stick to his last, but though I would hate to find Victor Bridges turning his back on those topping stories of his—*Mr. Lyndon at Liberty*, *The Lady from Long Acre*, and the rest—I welcome the slim green and white volume in which he has issued a gleaning of his more poetic thoughts. Read:

THE "WAITS" UNTIL 19—— ??

By Blam

The Riddle

The story of withered ages
Is written in blood and tears,
The stain runs through to the pages
That wait for the younger years.

And sometimes I sit and wonder
When we come to the final part,
Shall we find it a foolish blunder,
Or merely a work of art.

Far-away Days

When Mr. Cochran "came back" with his dainty little production of *Coppelia* at the Trocadero, the younger critics discussed the advisability of eating solid food to music as though it were some new thing. The modern cabaret has, of course, provided the thin end of this indigestible wedge, but the oldsters who can carry their minds back to the far-away days of the early music hall will find nothing new to write home about, and an ancient print of Weston's Music Hall in Holborn shows every inch of floor space taken up with tables at which are seated people who, if they are not eating and drinking, are doing something uncommonly like it.

When Life is a Hollow Sham

George Graves has been to Monte Carlo and doesn't seem to be happy about it. Quoting from a letter he sends to an "Esteemed Contemporary," he says that "the visitors mostly seem to come from the Whitechapel Road; charabancs belch petrol fumes all over the place, and Southend and Blackpool are a good deal more select." These are hard sayings, but it is not unusual for visitors from Monte to express themselves in such disgruntled terms. I have myself sat on a seat in front of the Casino and after balancing my budget, decided that life was just a hollow sham, but I have never failed to draw the blinds of the Hotel de Paris with renewed optimism on the morning after the night before. Perhaps George is pining for his dog David!

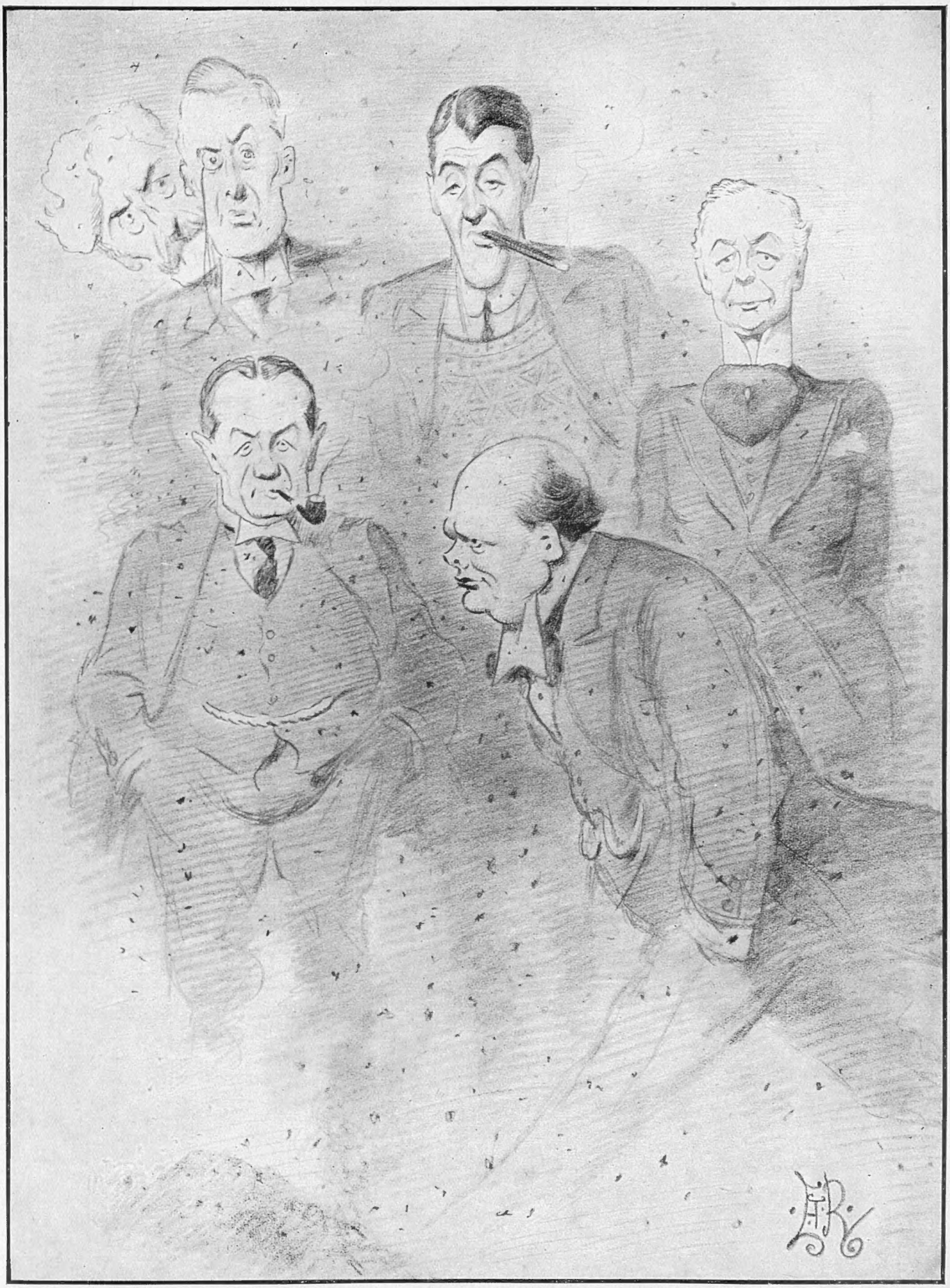
A Letter to George

I have already explained that George Graves did not write to me personally, but I will correct the omission by dropping him a note: "My dear George, I'm sorry you're not feeling too wrapped up in the Riviera, but I wish I could be suffering from half your complaint. Listen, George! Why don't you hop into a car and run out to Sospel for a day's golf, or walk into Roquebrune after lunch? Why not drive to Gourdon and the Gorges du Loup, and what is wrong with the Corniche d'Or, and a trip home by way of the Esterel? Why not push up into the hills beyond Piera Cava or St. Jean de la Riviere? And, have you told your story of Hetty the Hen to the merry men of Mentone? Lord, how they would laugh!"

On With the Dance!

I don't remember any year that has been so held up to ridicule and contempt as this unfortunate period of which the last lap is now being run. The weather has been largely to blame, and the time is past when we can hope for any change in that quarter. Suppose we forget our troubles and send the old gentleman with the rain-gauge packing to the tune of merry laughter? The great Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve gives us the opportunity. It will help to celebrate the birth of the New Year and the twenty-first birthday of this Bystander. Come, lads and lassies, don the motley! On with the dance. let joy be unconfined!

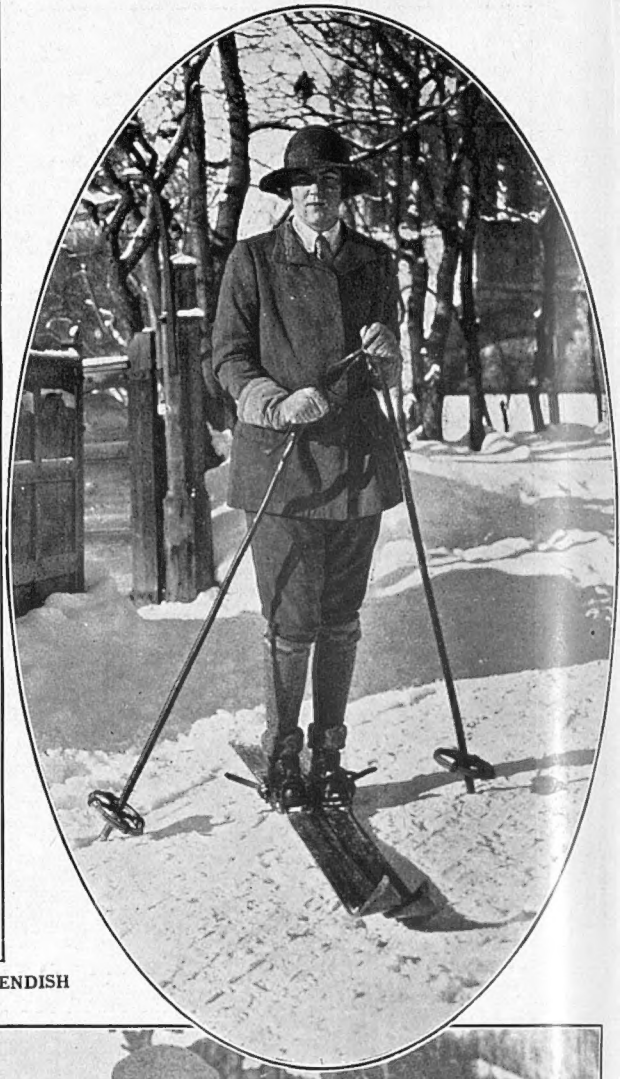
Through the Fog Darkly



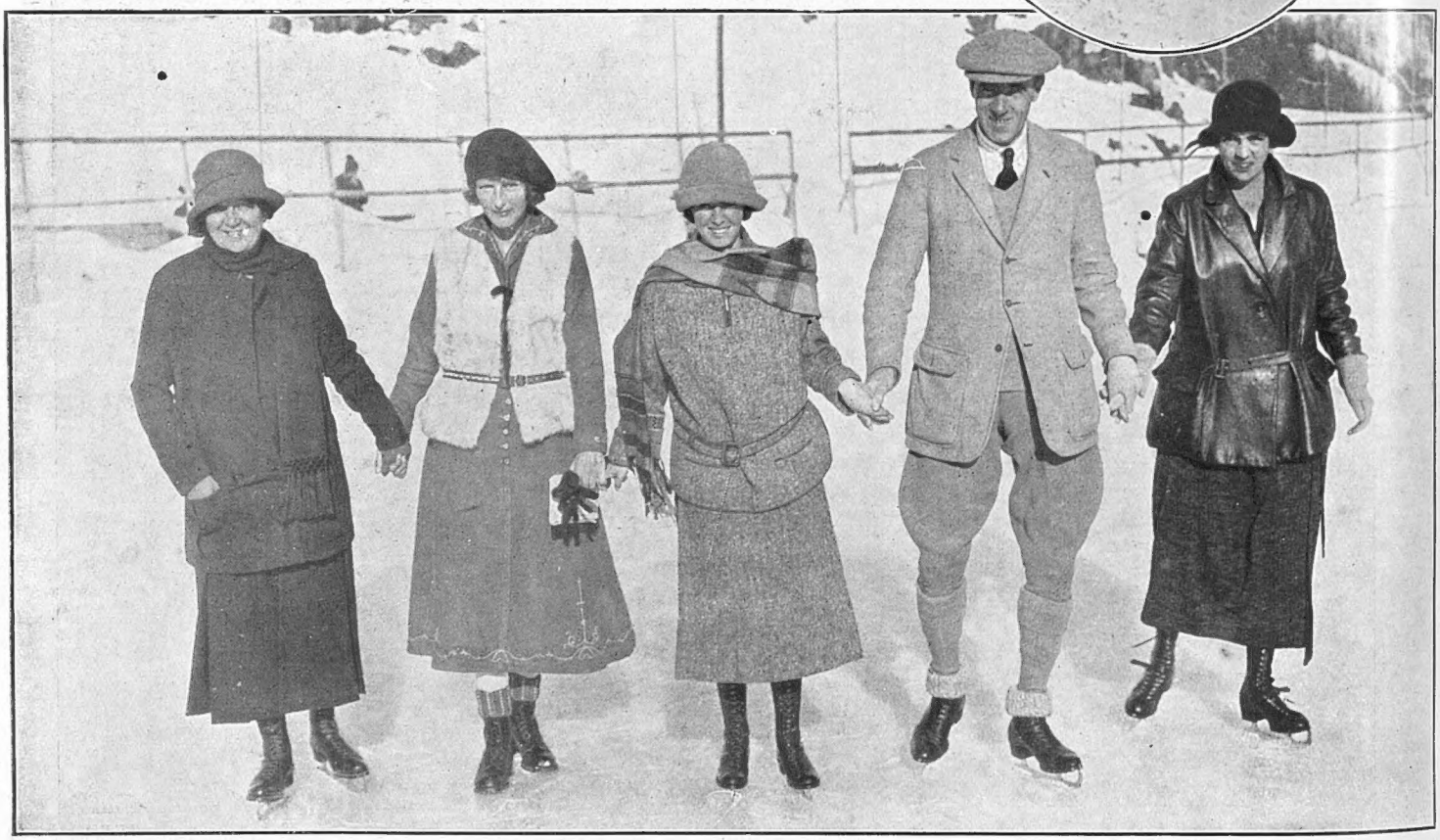
BY E. T. REED

Our artist, a long-suffering person, hates to complain, but he really *does* consider that "*200 tons of soot suspended in the atmosphere over London*" is an unwarrantable interference with the exercise of his profession! Above was about all he could see of the Political World on a recent occasion in London

"Now is th



MRS. A. DAVENCOURT and (in right-hand picture) THE HON. MARY CAVENDISH



MRS. F. BEST (left), MISS MARY STEEN, MISS DOROTHY BROWNE, MR. AND MRS. ALFRED STOCKEN

Above are some of the lucky folk who are making sport whilst the sun shines on the snow and ice of St. Moritz. The winter season

Winter of Our—Content"

MR. PHIL TAYLOR AND MISS ELLEN DALLERUP

REMOLEY AND LEHMANN, THE SWISS CHAMPION SKATERS

MISS EDITH BICKFORD (left) AND MISS EVELYN WILDER

Keystone and Sport and General

LORD RICHARD AND LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH

...rted in grand style in Switzerland, and the holiday centres are already full of people busily making the most of the ideal conditions

A SPORTING FAMILY FOURSOME

L. N. A.

An unconventional camera study of the Marchioness of Granby with three of her children, Charles, Ursula and Isobel, in the grounds of the Duke of Rutland's (her father-in-law's) seat. Names: Lady Ursula Manners (left), Lord Roos (with all the importance that a long life of five years carries), Lady Isobel Manners and the Marchioness of Granby

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Christmas at Sandringham

NOWHERE is Christmas celebrated more happily and in the real family spirit than at Sandringham. The King and Queen have their children with them at York Cottage, and on Christmas Day Queen Alexandra has a big family gathering of children and grandchildren. Everybody has a little Christmas tree with presents piled all round it. Nobody is forgotten.

Then there are festivities for the people on the Royal estate, gifts to all the employés, and personal visits by the King and Queen to tenants and retainers—a real, jolly, happy Christmas for everybody.

I. B.

A WELCOME ARRIVAL

M. de Fleuriau, the new French Ambassador, in fur coat, being welcomed by members of the Embassy on his arrival at Victoria Station. He is one of the youngest of France's ambassadors, and is a keen sportsman

The West Norfolk Hunt

THE Duke and Duchess of York will be sadly missed from the Royal gathering this year, and by nobody more than the Queen, who is devoted to her daughter-in-law. The Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and Prince George, all three prefer hunting to shooting, consequently they will be out with the West Norfolk for that Hunt's every meet during the Christmas holidays. All three Princes are expected at the West Norfolk Hunt Ball, which takes place on December 30—the day before the Chelsea Arts Club and BYSTANDER Birthday Ball at the Albert Hall. The West Norfolk will dance at Lynford Hall, which has been lent to the Hunt for the occasion.

Advice and a Throne

THE King and Queen of Norway and their son, the Crown Prince Olaf, are spending their Christmas at Appleton House, a house on the Sandringham estate which King Edward gave to his second daughter, then Princess Maud of Wales, when she married the tall and stalwart Prince Charles of Denmark.

History is curious. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark were quite content to live as *simples particuliers* in their little house near Sandringham. Neither of them cared for the pomp and circumstance of Courts. Then, suddenly out of the blue, Norway separated itself from Sweden, and offered its throne to Prince Charles.

It is an open secret now that but for King Edward's advice and suggestion, the offer would have been refused. But every year the Queen of Norway spends the autumn at Appleton House, the King coming over later. As a rule they have returned to Christiania for Christmas, but this year they are staying on, probably because their son, Prince Olaf, is now at Balliol and therefore has only the 'Varsity vacation.

The King of Norway is one of the four tallest monarchs in Europe. The

G. P. U.

AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS

The Prince of Wales shaking hands with disabled Guardsmen from the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. The photograph was taken at Wellington Barracks when the Prince unveiled the Guards War Memorial in the Guards Chapel

AT HOME [*Central Press*

Sir James Barrie with some of the children who took part in his play, "The Duke of Christmas Daisies," which they performed at his old school, Dumfries Academy. Sir James opened a new road named Barrie Avenue, and received the freedom of the borough

others are the King of Sweden, the King of Denmark, and the King of the Belgians.

The Prince and the Springtime

FOR the third year in succession the Prince of Wales will miss our English spring. Considering the vagaries of our springs, the Prince is perhaps to be congratulated. He will leave for South Africa next March, and will not be back again in England before the end of August at earliest. From South Africa he goes to South America, as the King told his lieges of the Lords and Commons. So that means that not only will the Prince miss the ups and downs of our spring weather, but he will miss the Season too.

Concerning Burglars

THERE'S scarcely a woman in London nowadays possessing jewels who is not in a state of terror and palpitation because of the "cat burglars." But isn't the success of these pipe-climbing gentry very much due to the terrified women themselves?

Now, my dear good people, if you and I wanted to be burglars—those of us who are what is called of a full figure wouldn't be available because I understand that a slim waist-line is essential to success in this calling—what should we do? Should we break a window and creep into any house trusting to the gods to find jewels and plate? Bless you, no! We might find nothing except electro-plate, false pearls, and a jewel-box full of love-letters.

Here is the question! Why in all these cases of scaling drain and water-pipes, should the "cat" have concentrated on one room in each house he has visited, and that room the one in which jewels were kept?

An acquaintance, whose job is the detection of crime, gives me this explanation. The "cat" burglar hangs about the houses of rich people in the Park Lane district between seven and eight in the evening. He sees a woman, blazing with jewels, cross from her front door to her motor. He waits, hours maybe, until she returns. The house is in darkness, the servants all gone to bed. From his place in the street the watcher sees lights appear in an upper window. This shows him the bedroom of the lady wearing the jewels.

He waits his opportunity until the lady is dining at home, then scales convenient pipes, breaks into the room, locks the door, and takes what he finds.

Sport and Gene

BETWEEN THE DANCES

Some of the dancers at the recent Blankney Hunt Ball at Lincoln. The group shows: Sitting—Miss Helen Leslie (left), and Miss Harcourt. Standing—Major Leslie (left), Lady Margaret Bingham and Mr. Hoare

This is one explanation. But on the other hand, many of these mysterious burglaries have taken place in rooms at the back of houses, where no turning on of lights could give an indication to a "cat" watching in the street. Yet this last expression in burglars climbs invariably to one room, the room in which there are jewels. How does he know there are jewels in that room?

Myself, I believe the answer is servants. In all innocence, a footman taking his tankard of beer at a neighbouring public-house may be led by some ingratiating stranger to talk of his mistress's fine jewels, and quite unwittingly, under skilful questioning, let it be known that she

Sport and General

AN "EXTRA" AT THE BALL

The camera introduces an extra number at the Blankney Hunt Ball at the Lincoln Assembly Rooms. The group includes: Lady Margaret Spencer, Lady Janet Campbell, Miss Fitzroy, The Hon. Edward Bouverie, Mr. B. Bouverie and Mr. Scott

Sport and General

"THE MORNING AFTER"

The "After-the-Ball" meet of the Blankney, at Wellingore, near Navenby. The Master, Colonel the Hon. F. Vernon Willey, M.P., seen in hunting cap in the foreground, is setting an example of "morning-after" cheeriness which is being well followed

Poole, Waterford

IN THE FITZWILLIAM COUNTRY

The Misses Elizabeth and Shelagh Brotherhood, daughters of Mr. S. Brotherhood, J.P., ex-Joint Master of Mr. G. Fitzwilliam's Hounds, chatting with Captain C. O'Brien ffrench. The photograph was taken at a recent meet at Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter

British Illus.

MISS RATHBONE (left) and MISS B. HULL

British Illus.

MRS. CHARLES WEBB (left) and MRS. SOWERBY

keeps them in her bedroom. Or a lady's maid boasting of her "lady's" gorgeousness, her jewels and her clothes, to a pleasant young man with whom she is "walking out," can give the clue—again I say, in all innocence—to a confederate of the "cat," or, perhaps, to the "cat" himself.

It is odd, isn't it, when you come to think about it, that people who haven't got any jewels, or silver, or valuables are never burgled? Nobody ever climbs up two storeys, or even three, or a drainpipe to steal an imitation pearl necklace, or a paste tiara.

In some way or another these "cat" gentry must know what they can possibly lay their hands on before they clamber up water and drain pipes, and leap from balcony to balcony like leopards, or Douglas Fairbanks in a "stunt" film. Who gives them the information?

A National Opera House

ENTHUSIASM and single-heartedness claim sympathy and admiration, but I must admit that Mr. Isidore de Lara's project for a National Opera House leaves me wondering and wondering considerably. At Claridge's last week he set out his plan to a room filled with sympathetic folk.

Mr. de Lara said, and justly, that we were the only big nation without an opera. The two months' season which we give at the utmost every year, can't possibly support native singers, or encourage native composers. Our opera singers and composers—Mr. de Lara

British Illus.

MISS LONSDALE (left), MRS. ATTLEY and MR. HATTON

AROUND THE COURSE AT CARLISLE

A photographic survey round the course at the recent Northern Meeting at Carlisle

Alfieri

LADY MABEL FOX-STRANGWAYS

Younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, at a meet of the Cattistock at Melbury Oak

instanced his own case—have to gain their livelihood and professional reputation abroad.

Mr. de Lara is all against a State-subsidised opera house. Directly the State has anything to do with the financial side, he said, the directors are at the mercy of individual Members of Parliament. His project, therefore, is an opera house owned by the people, a national possession which they have provided for themselves by subscribing two million pounds. One million, Mr. de Lara suggests, should be used for building an opera house to seat a thousand people; the other million to be invested to provide £50,000 a year as a subsidy for the working expenses. He frankly admitted that continuous opera without a subsidy is impossible in this country.

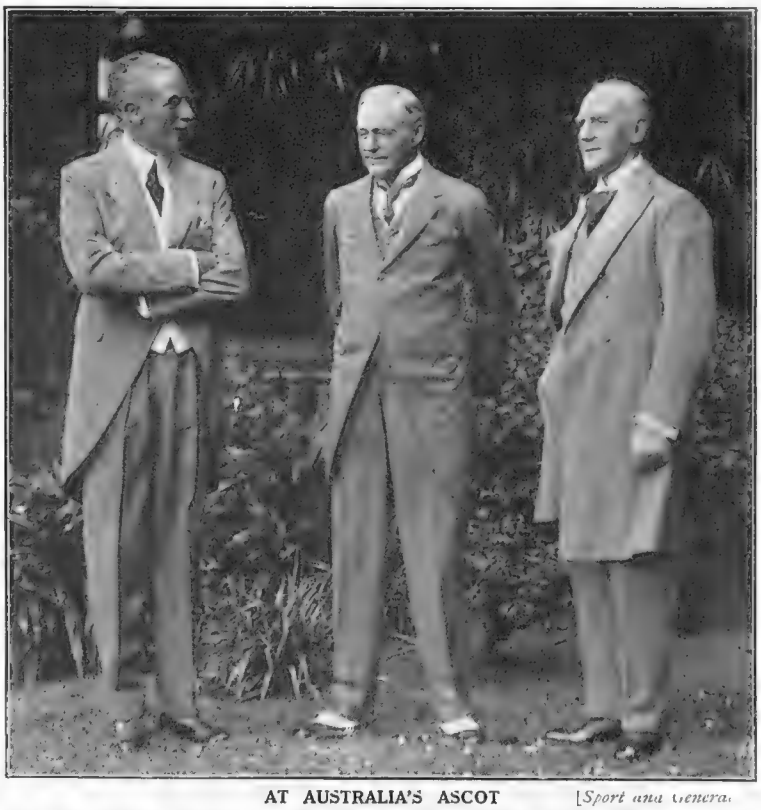
Preferably Mr. de Lara would have the two million pounds subscribed by two million people, but £500 will buy a box and £100 a stall in perpetuity. Of course, this buying of boxes and stalls in perpetuity brings in a goodly initial sum, but, as is proved by the Albert Hall, it can be very hampering and detrimental to development later on. However, Mr. de Lara's project is a big and fine idea. The difficulty, I expect, will be in the practical details. Five boxes and two hundred stalls have already been sold.

Queen Mary's Hospital

THERE was quite an Ambassadorial atmosphere at the festival dinner at the Guildhall last week of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End. Mr. Kellogg, the American Ambassador, was in the chair, and made an eloquent appeal for the £10,000 which is required to meet the deficit on this year's maintenance. The Japanese Ambassador replied for the visitors.

TWO YOUNG FOLLOWERS TO HOUNDS

Queen Mary's Hospital, of which Her Majesty is patron, is in the poorest part of the East End, and serves nearly a million people. It has a convalescent home which is doing splendid work amongst poor children, but it costs £2,000 a year to maintain. There is also a maternity home, which has been built lately. Mr. Kellogg's appeal brought in nearly £4,000 of the £10,000 needed.



AT AUSTRALIA'S ASCOT [*Sport and General*

Sir Tom Bridges (Governor of South Australia), Lord Forster (Governor-General of the Commonwealth), and Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair (Governor of New South Wales), photographed at Melbourne during the Melbourne Spring Race Meeting recently

A Biography of King Edward

SOME time in March the house of Macmillan will publish the first of the two volumes of the biography of King Edward which Sir Sidney Lee has written. This volume will cover the period from the late King's birth to his accession to the Throne. The biography, which has been undertaken at the request of King George, whilst it takes every account of information already published in this country and on the Continent, is chiefly based on documents in the Windsor archives or at Marlborough House. Letters addressed by King Edward to persona friends and to men of prominence in official life have also been freely drawn upon.

Sir Sidney Lee has spent four years of unremitting labour on this biography, and he is entirely responsible for its plan and execution. The second volume will cover King Edward's reign, and will, it is hoped, be published before the end of next year. In the first volume there will be reproductions of six portraits of King Edward at various periods of his career as Prince of Wales, including the sketch by Jules Bastien-Lepage, which is now in the Louvre, and is very little known in this country.

The book will be one of the most important contributions to history we have had for many years.

Poole, Waterford

LADY ROMAYNE CECIL

Younger daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, at a meet of Mr. George Fitzwilliam's Hounds at Burghley House

An Official Residence

THE Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, has been using Clandeboye, Lord Dufferin's house in County Down, as his official residence. But

A WEEK-END SHOOTING PARTY IN CHEERFUL MOOD

Aitken

Sir Alfred Mond and his guests at Melchet Court, his Hampshire home. Our photograph shows: Standing—Lord Forres (left), Lord Dawson, Lord Lee, Sir Alfred Mond, Lord Willingdon and Mr. Henry Mond. Seated—Lady Dawson, Lady Forres, Miss Norah Mond, Lady Erleigh, Lady Willingdon, Lady Mond and Miss Erskine

now Lord Downshire's house, Hillsborough Castle, has been bought, and in future will be the abode of the Governors. It is only ten miles from Belfast, and both in position and accommodation is much more suitable for an official residence than Clandeboye.

Hillsborough has no claims to architecture, but is roomy and comfortable within. It has been occupied very rarely of late years, the Downshires apparently preferring their English property, Easthampstead Park near Wokingham. There was a large quantity of furniture at Hillsborough which has been sold.

A Quaint Idea

FOR nearly a century and a half—a hundred and forty years to be definite—the Lincolnshire "Stuff" Ball has been held at Lincoln. Originally the patroness of the Ball was asked to choose the colours of the dresses to be worn by the ladies, and then the material was woven. The latter part of the custom has long fallen into disuse, but the patroness for the year still decides on the prevailing colour.

The ball takes place on January 2, with Lady Brownlow as the patroness. She has announced that the ladies may wear any shade of red and yellow, including gold. I've never been to this ball but my informant tells me that all the ladies' dresses being of one prevailing colour has a most decorative and unusual effect, which adds largely to the distinction of the occasion.

SOME PLEASANT GUNMEN

Sport and General

Lord Vivian, Mr. Nall-Cain, Mr. Martin Smith, and Major Usher at the International Gundog League Retriever Championships at Brocket Hall, Hatfield

THE BALL OF THE YEAR

The World's Biggest Birthday Party

Good-bye to 1924

Not many days are left before the bumper ball of the year, the Chelsea Arts and BYSTANDER Birthday Ball at the Albert Hall, at which four thousand guests will say good-bye to this worn-out year of 1924, and will welcome 1925 with light-hearted revelry. If we cannot say that the baby new year will be born with a spoon in its smiling mouth, or be presented with a time-honoured christening mug, we do know that every one of the four thousand guests will be given a BYSTANDER Birthday present. For the men, there are two thousand boxes of special "75" brand of Abdulla Virginian cigarettes (75 cigarettes in each box) waiting to be distributed; for the ladies, there are two thousand special half-guinea boxes of Cadbury's superfine chocolates. We hope you will not quarrel with your partner. Men, if *she* prefers Abdullas to chocolates, please behave like perfect little gentlemen—even though you are in fancy dress!

The Programme

A SPECIAL souvenir programme is to be given away—*you will not have to pay extra for it.* This programme will take the form of a twenty-four page booklet (please don't get startled, the reading is of the brightest and gayest!), and in addition to many amusing drawings and literary hits by BYSTANDER contributors, it will contain an interesting account of the Chelsea Arts Club, and the autographed facsimiles of Mr. Nat Ayer's two new compositions, "When You and I Were Twenty-One," and "Just a Little Twilight Song," the new BYSTANDER fox-trot and waltz. One other interesting item from the programme—as the vicar would say at our local jamboree—is a blank page for autographs, engagements, marriage announcements, or what you will.

Central Press

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY

Students of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, rehearsing for their special "stunt," "The Phœnix," which they will present "for one night only" at the Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve

G. P. U.

MISS GWLADYS NEWTH

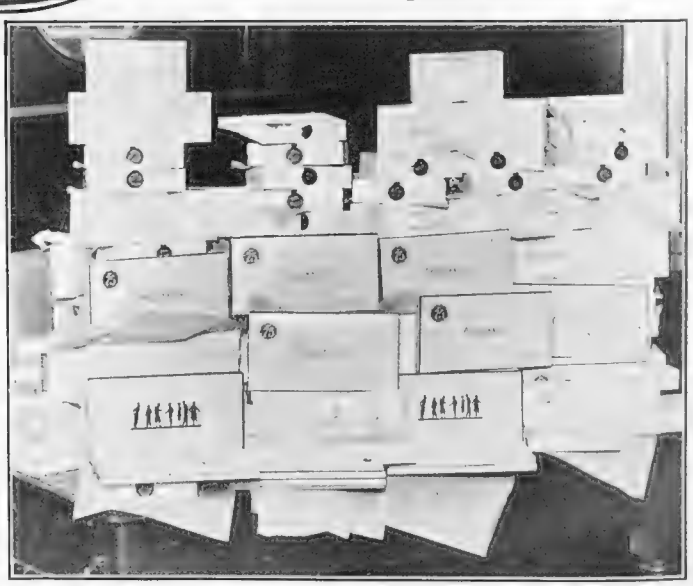
The British Broadcasting Co.'s "musical comedy star." She will broadcast the lyrics of the "Bystander" waltz-song, "Just a Little Twilight Song," to all stations on December 29

A Broadcasting Item

In connection with the two new dance tunes, it will be of interest to all listeners-in to note that the British Broadcasting Company has arranged to broadcast both tunes from all stations on December 29, so that everyone may have the chance of hearing the new productions. Mr. Ayer will himself sing the catchy lyrics of his foxtrot, and Miss Gwladys Newth, the B.B.C. musical comedy "leading lady," will sing the waltz.

THESE FOR THE LADIES, AND—

Some of the fine boxes of Cadbury's chocolates to be presented—one box per feminine head—by "The Bystander" at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve



—THESE FOR THE GENTLEMEN

Some of the thousands of Abdulla cigarettes which will be presented by "The Bystander" to every male dancer on New Year's Eve

The Riviera Week by Week

E. Navello

THE MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL

Lord Blyth and Mrs. Van Praag taking a stroll on the terrace at Monte Carlo. Lord Blyth is a well-known expert on agriculture and dairy-farming

E. Navello

TAKING IT EASY

Sir Basil Zaharoff and his wife walking in the gardens at Monte Carlo, where they have been staying recently. Sir Basil is reported to be one of the richest men in the world

E. Navello

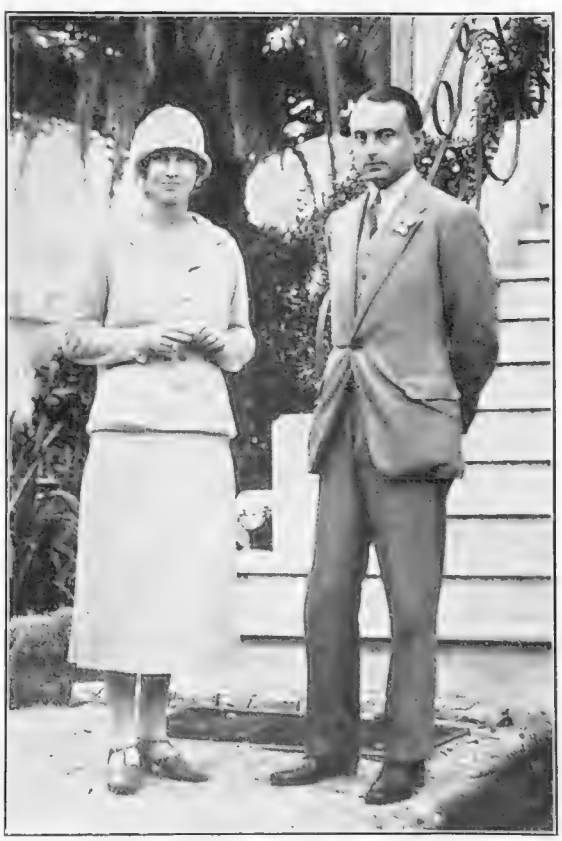
A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

Mr. J. C. Gould (left) and Lord Decies on the steps of the Hotel de Paris at Monte. The majestic figure behind them is a "feature" of the place

DECEMBER looks like equalling the wonderful sunshine record of November on the Riviera, for we are getting our full allowance nearly every day, and the display of light and gaily coloured dresses on the seaside promenades has been unusually brilliant for this time of year. The eleven o'clock boat train from Victoria is running in triplicate, and the luxurious *train bleu* is not going to have one empty berth for months to come. A great many who were going to Egypt have now decided to remain on this side of the Mediterranean, where politics are never mentioned and life is always tranquil.

CANNES is filling up rapidly. Earl and Countess Sondes arrived the other day, and will spend the winter at the Hotel du Parc. Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, of Highgate, and Colonel Mayes—all three notable in the tennis world—will also make this hotel their headquarters for the season, and are expected to take part in the first tennis tournament which opens at the Beau-Site Courts at the end of this month. Lady Boot and her sister from Jersey, Baroness Heeckeren from Paris, and Lieut.-Colonel C. R. Scott from Calcutta, are among the guests at the Grand, where ex-King Manoel and his wife will arrive before long for their customary winter holiday. Lord and Lady Aberconway returned to the Château de la Garoupe last week, and will, in all probability, stay there until the Pulitzers come south for the polo season.

THE Dowager Countess of Jersey and her daughter, Lady Dunsany, are coming to Cannes, and have reserved rooms at the Hotel des Anglais. Lord Dunsany, meanwhile, is planning a shooting trip to North Africa for the New Year. Other guests at this hotel include Margaret Lady Waterlow, who will soon move back into the Villa Monterey; Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone and the Hon. Mrs. Gladstone, who was a daughter of the late Lord Rendel, of the Château de Thorenc, with her cousin, Lady Marriott; Brigadier-General Pollak MacCall and his wife; Colonel and Mrs. Kingstry, of New York; and Comte and Comtesse Eugene de Montigny.



Keystone

IN A NICE GARDEN

Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia, who are so well-known in this country, photographed in the garden of their Nice residence, the Villa Otrada

THE Cannes Lawn Tennis Club is one of the cheeriest of places these bright December mornings, framed in foliage and flowers, and most of the seventeen courts are occupied as long as the light is good enough. Among the many active members lately have been Rear-Admiral Sir Francis and Lady Haworth-Booth, Major-General Sir George Stanistreet, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia, Brigadier-General Knox, Colonel and Mrs. St. John Killery, Mrs. W. J. Locke, Mrs. Norman Ross, Baron and Baroness de Bonstetten, Major Deane, Colonel and Mrs. Cuming, Dr. and Mrs. Warden, Captain and Mrs. Travers and Miss Travers, Miss Hogg, Major and Mrs. Anderson, and the Misses Claeyssens. Club tournaments are held every Friday, and are extremely popular.

THE Rajah of Pudukota, who has been in England since the sad death of his brother at Brighton, has now rejoined the Ranee at the Villa La Favorite, opposite to Mr. W. J. Locke's delightful home. The Carlton Hotel is registering new arrivals every day, and among the noted American visitors is Mr. Herman J. Harjes, director of the famous banking house of Morgan Harjes, of Paris and New York, who has brought Mrs. Harjes south for a holiday. Mrs. Waters arrives from New York this week to join her two daughters, Princess Pignatelli d'Aragon and the Baroness de Meyronnet de St. Marc, who are both in Cannes for the winter. Everyone was sorry to hear of the severe operation which Lady Kennard has had to undergo in a London nursing

Le Noir

BETWEEN SETS

The Rajah of Pudukota, who is an enthusiastic tennis player, discussing the game with a partner on the courts of the Carlton Club at Nice

home at short notice. Sir Coleridge is staying at Claridge's to be near her, and their return to Cannes has been postponed for some weeks.

WEDDINGS on the Riviera are becoming quite a habit among the Anglo-American colony. A surprise affair was that of Miss Adele Mulock of Toronto, a granddaughter of Sir William Mulock, one of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chief political lieutenants, now Chief Justice of Ontario and Chancellor of the University of Toronto, who was the host of the Prince of Wales on his last visit to Canada. She is also a grand-daughter of the late Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, a Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The bridegroom was Mr. Alfred Rogers, Junr., also of Toronto, and after the ceremony at the Royal Memorial Church of St. George, a family luncheon was given at the Villa Kasbeck by Major and Mrs. Thomas Moss.

ANOTHER wedding which will interest many people is that between Mr. Guy Repton, of Curzon Street, Mayfair, and Miss Postovsky, which will take place at Nice on the 22nd, while a week later Miss Jasmyn Hakim, whose parents have had a villa at Cimiez for more than twenty years, is to marry Comte Régis Denys de Trobriand, Avocat of the Cour d'Appel at Paris, and a member of a very ancient and historic family of Brittany. Miss Lilas Cochran, daughter of Major and Mrs. Thomas Cochran, of the Villa Rêve d'Or—which was two season ago the Riviera home of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill at Cannes—is shortly to marry M. Jean Seasseau, of a well-known Nice family. Matrimony is in the air!

THE Duke of Connaught, who is looking in fine form, received an official visit the other day from the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, M. Benedetti, accompanied by his chief of staff, M. André Ribard. The following day he went to lunch on board the *Endymion*, Sir Herbert Samuelson's fine motor yacht which Camper and Nicholson launched this autumn, and which is cruising in the Mediterranean with her owner and a party of friends on board. Sir Herbert's brother, Sir Henry Samuelson, is closely associated with this part of the world, for he is president of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital at Mont-boron, Nice. His Royal Highness will doubtless be among the spectators at the Nice Tennis Tournament, which begins on Monday

Sport & General

A LITTLE "TOP-SPIN"

Mrs. Satterthwaite, in action against Miss M. Tripp, in the final of the All-British Ladies' event in the Nice Tournament. She won in two straight sets, 6-2, 6-2

Nova-Koski

ON THE TERRACE STEPS

The Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Brougham, two of the winter visitors to Monte this year. The photograph was taken on the terrace steps of the Casino

of this week. Suzanne Lenglen will not be able to take part, but entries have been received from the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Mr. Marion Crawford, Miss du Cros, Conte di Bonzi, and Mrs. Satterthwaite. Mr. Bernhard Baron, of tobacco fame, who was so generous a contributor to the electioneering fund of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, created a diversion in Nice on the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday, by entertaining to tea several hundred poor children of the district, and giving them boxes of chocolates.

SIR ARTHUR and Lady Fell, from Wimbledon, have arrived at Hyères for a few months, and Lady Preston, of Landford Manor, near Salisbury, is staying at Costebelle. Sir John and Lady Barton, Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton, Brigadier-General Penrose, Colonel Bayley, Colonel Stuart Prince, Admiral and Mrs. Wemyss, and Sir John Aird are also visitors to Hyères.

SIR ROWLAND and Lady Barran are at the Beau-Rivage at St. Raphael, while among others expected on the Côte d'Azur in the near future are Jeannie, Lady Naylor-Leyland, who has been staying recently with Sir Edward and Lady Naylor-Leyland at Nantelwyd Hall; Sir Morgan and Lady Crofton; and Major and Lady Zia Wernher, who will stay in Cannes, where Lady Zia Wernher's parents, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, have a villa. Her husband is now joint Master of the Fernie, and for the present they are at their Market Harborough home. D. W. T.

MAXIMS FROM MONTE.

A BIRD in Monte Carlo is worth Two in Shepherd's Bush.
There's many a Slip 'twixt the Rake and the Chip.
A Louis in the Pocket is Worth two on the Table.
Where there's a Bill there's a Pay.
Necessity is the Mother of Invention and the Off-spring of Roulette.
Something ventured Nothing had.
Absinthe makes the Heart grow fonder.
A Fool and his Money are soon Started.
Hope springs Eternal that they Won't get the Rest.
Tell the Truth and Raise the Devil.
Borrow in Haste, Repay at Leisure.
Fools rush when Angels turn their Heads.
See the Conquering Zero comes!
The Rakes Progress.
Man cannot Live on Red Alone.—L. W. BELLINGER

A Merry Ballroom Meet of the Old Berkeley

Topical

HUNTING IN COUPLES

Miss P. Rowatt and Lt.-Colonel Sir Alan Burgoyne, M.P., at the Old Berkeley Hunt Ball, at Shardeloes, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake's Amersham home

Topical

SOME OF THE "FIELD" WITH THE OLD BERKELEY

Back row:—Col. Middleton (the Joint-Master), Mr. C. T. Middleton, Miss Easson, Miss Adams, Mr. Easson. Middle row:—Mrs. Middleton, Miss Middleton, Miss Baillie, Miss Macmillan. Seated in front:—Mr. M. R. Blair, Mr. J. V. Baillie

Topical

WAITING FOR THE BAND TO BREAK (INTERVAL) COVERT

Lord Chesham (Master of the Bicester), Miss Payne, Mr. E. Tyrwhitt-Drake (Joint-Master of the Old Berkeley and host at the Ball), and Miss Betty Baldwin (now free, like her father, the Prime Minister, from electioneering cares) at the Old Berkeley Hunt Ball

MOTLEY MUSINGS

BY HARTLEY CARRICK

SEASONABLE WISHES

THAT Mr. Baldwin may enjoy the pipe-ing times of peace,
and
That Mr. Asquith's many friends will realise that "to love him was a Liberal education,"
and
That the rumour of Earl Birkenhead's ill-health may be only "F. E.'s myth,"
and
That the Socialist party will have no more Red Letter days,
and
That a famous contemporary will long stick to its motto, *nil nisi Burnham*,
and
That Patsy will be given a large bouquet of rhododHendrens!
and
That Mr. Michael Arlen will cease to discourse through his Green Hat,
and
That a certain Bank will study more deeply the great Newton's philosophy,
and
That tennis-courtesy will soon return,
and
That our Jazz friends will have many bloodless revolutions,
and
That our flappers soon cease to enjoy shingle blessedness,
and
That theatre-goers will drink a health unto His Majesty's and to all other shows,
and
That all our readers Overseas will never be halfseas over!
and
That on December 31 at the Albert Hall it will be a case of Buystanding room only,
and
To all of you, a d————d jolly Christmas!

. . . .

BOBBY can't understand our objection to Communists. As a keen football enthusiast, he maintains that anyone good enough for the Third International must be a top-hole fellow.

THE BYSTANDER BALL

(After Praed)

1

Dear Archie, how are you, old Face-Ache?
I'm writing this scribble to say,
You've got to do something for May's sake;
(I know you won't disappoint May!)
It's going to be a big beano,
The night of a lifetime, old pal,
There'll be simply masses that WE *know,*
And those that we don't we soon shall!
I know that you say you don't cotton
To fox-trots or one-steps at all;
I know that your dancing is rotten;
But you'll come to THE BYSTANDER *Ball!*

2

Say bo', there'll be nothing quite like it:
The Hit of the Season! The Rage!
And oh, how you'll gloat over MY *kit;*
I'm going as "Coming of Age!"
So all the theatrical noblets,
And all in Society, see,
Will raise both the roof and their goblets,
And drink to My Birthday and Me!
Then on the last night of December,
That night that is dearest of all,
At the Hall of Alberto, remember,
We'll dance at THE BYSTANDER *Ball!*

. . . . . .

IT is said that the National Liberal Club treasure their portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill as one of their best cellars.

. . . . . .

IT is said that the *Christmas Carol* is one of the most difficult pieces of English to read aloud correctly. In fact, poor elocutionists play the dickens with it.

. . . .

HOME FROM SCHOOL

They seem as sound as any bell,
And lively as a pup;
'Tis strange that they should look so well
When they are breaking up!

. . . .

A SELECT company of barge-owners and their employees are to attend a riverside dance. That ought to set the Thames *élite!*

. . . .

"JOHNNY, dear, why do you keep thinking that Lot's wife was unlucky?"

"Because dad told me she became a spiller of salt!"

. . . .

WE sincerely trust that every Eve to-day will begin a new Christmas Eveolution!

HARTLEY CARRICK

BY LESLIE P. MARCHANT

SHOMETHING SHTIRRING!

Guest (who has dined too well and falls into Christmas tree): "I sheem to be losht in thish foresht!"

BY FRANK R. GREY

A LITTLE HEAVY WAIT BOX-ING

The Present Need

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

MILLIONAIRE'S SON (*sighing*): "Oh dear!"
FOND MOTHER: "What is it darling? What do you want?"
SON: "I want to want something"

"Orange Blossom" at the Queen's

Produced December 4, 1924.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THERE have been many plays—mostly broad farces—on the subject of marriages that may not be announced prematurely; but in this case the excuse for the suppression of the interesting news is at least original. Raymond de Mericourt has married the daughter of a prosperous but hopelessly vulgar tradesman, and he has been trying for three years to break the news to Dad. But Monsieur de Mericourt is a quite unapproachable gentleman. He talks very little himself, and does not encourage talking among his family, who stand in awe of him. Of course, the proper way to treat a man like that would be to throw him down and sit on his head; but as such a method is not characteristic of either wifely or filial devotion, nobody in the play even suggests it.

THE present play has been adapted from the French, and, therefore, in discussing the marital relations, all things are possible. And it is only fair to add that most of them occur. The great Monsieur de Mericourt descends upon his son's house, bringing with him an eligible young lady whom he has selected as Raymond's "future." Mlle. Renée (for 'tis she!) is by way of being an artist, and although she is only eighteen, she has already been "hung." Her tastes in art lean rather towards the virile and robust, so that she has lived down bashfulness, and all that sort of nonsense. The great Monsieur de Mericourt has, strange as it may seem, been a young man himself, and he quite understands that a bachelor establishment often seems what it isn't. On his arrival, or shortly afterwards, he finds Raymond discussing with Mme. Vinet, his wife's dressmaker, a bill for the trifle of nine thousand francs for goods supplied to date.

RAYMOND runs off to write out the necessary cheque, and then Monsieur de Mericourt approaches the richly-attired lady in his most ponderous style. He flatters himself that he has a complete grasp of the situation, Madame Vinet is, of course, his son's *chère amie*, and in view of the young man's approaching marriage, she must be bought off. Monsieur sits down at a table and writes a cheque for ten thousand francs, on receipt of which Madame becomes quite voluble. She tells Monsieur that she is transferring her business to Buenos Ayres, where gentlemen are very generous to their ladies, and there is a good deal of talk of this kind with its obvious "double intender" which causes much laughter among the unregenerate in the house. A young lady with horn-rimmed glasses sitting behind me laughed steadily and noisily in the wrong places all the time, apparently anticipating climaxes that were not reached in the sparkling dialogue. The part of Mme. Vinet is most racily played by Miss Helen Haye; while Mr. Allan Aynesworth, with his stolid assumption of a total lack of a sense of humour, makes an excellent foil for the rather emphatic *gauloisie*.

BUT the cream of the entertainment is supplied by Miss Marie Tempest. She is Madame Fougasse, and has really nothing to do with the play at all. But she is a friend of the family invited to be present at the affiancing of Raymond and the artistic Renée. It is she who suggests that the young people may be allowed to kiss; and it is she who volunteers to be the discreet chaperon with a pronounced gift for looking the other way. But her rare art is in the narration of her own marital collapse. The scene recalls to her the day on which she too became a blushing bride. After her wedding, her husband, in the course of the usual *bal de noces*, was lured by his men friends to the card table where, in the pardonable excitement of the occasion, he played so badly that he lost his entire fortune. Ashamed to return to his bride with this disgrace upon him, he just bolted out of her life, while she sat in her boudoir the long night through waiting and waiting, and hoping for the best. It is, of course, a tale more suited to the smoking-room than to a Mother's Meeting, but Miss Tempest handles it with a delicacy that robs it of unpleasantness, while the little cough that supplies the missing word here and there is a masterpiece of suppressed eloquence.

THE affiancing of Raymond and Renée is, of course, only a temporary concession to the absurdities of the plot. Raymond's wife, Madeleine, submits to the painful ordeal of self-suppression for a while in the belief that as soon as Monsieur de Merincourt knows the facts, she will once more be mistress in her own home. Meanwhile she becomes the subject of another complication. There is a typewriter on an adjacent table, and the readiest explanation Raymond can give of his wife's presence in the house is that she is obviously his typist. Monsieur de Merincourt accepts the explanation so completely that he asks her to take down the opening of a speech he is about to deliver in his capacity as Public Prosecutor. This is quite an amusing situation. Miss Fay Compton, who hardly has a fair chance in the play, makes the most of her opportunities here. Her banging of the typewriter would send a shudder down the back of the ordinary conscientious typist, accustomed to handle her instrument with a certain reverence; while her shorthand is obviously farcical. Her secret is at once betrayed when she is asked to go through the usual ordeal of reading what she has written down. When her failure is obviously complete, Monsieur de Merincourt is satisfied that he understands the position perfectly. Madeleine is an innocent girl who has been wronged by Raymond, and as a father jealous of the family honour, he decides that Raymond must marry the girl. The rather assertive Renée thereupon generously backs out of her position of a formally affianced bride, and preparations are made for the wedding.

THE third act is rather uninteresting. It suffers apparently from the difficulty of translating the French atmosphere. The idea of the original was, I take it, to emphasise the proverb that absence makes the heart grow fonder. As the supposed typist, Madeleine has been sleeping at an adjacent hotel during the great Monsieur's stay in the house, and the French version of the consequences of this temporary separation of the love-birds would naturally be more explicit than even the elastic English language permits. So that we all get is a rather tiresome avowal of true love by Raymond to his wife, which is rather foreign to our native spirit. As it happens, an opportunity occurs at last to acquaint the rather obtuse Monsieur de Mericourt of the facts of the case, and it then appears that he would have been delighted to have given his blessing to the young people at the outset of their matrimonial career.

THE part of the very heavy father is so impossible that it taxes all Mr. Aynesworth's ingenuity to represent it with even a suggestion of adequacy, with the result that he over-acts with colossal emphasis. His neatest point is that at which he "takes the hand" of undesirable acquaintances by adopting the Chinese method by shaking hands with himself. As Madame de Mericourt, Miss Sybil Carlisle has very little to do beyond expressing her awe and fear of her husband. Miss Dorothy Tetley gives a convincing picture of the type of young woman who is prepared to descend upon the mere male and marry him in spite of his squeals for mercy. Mr. Francis Lister does all that is possible with the colourless part of Raymond; but the interest of the play lies rather, I think, in what we may call the *hors d'œuvres* dragged in quite inconsequentially by some of the clever ladies of the brilliant cast. JINGLE

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Passez, l'amour ! ! . . ."

MES AMIS,

Il a du cœur, Monsieur l'Agent. You may think him grim and cold, now that he cultivates the stiff upper-lip and the toothbrush moustache. But a full-blooded and very warm heart beats beneath his waisted tunic. He is susceptible to romance, very susceptible. As there are many people who do not believe this, I shall tell you a story to prove it. Being a true story, it will, of course, be doubted. All my true stories are suspect. Such is the penalty imposed on the seeker after truth in these cynical days.

THE adventure occurred at one of those terrifying crossings which are sprinkled much too frequently about Paris, those crossings where even the *Citrons pressés*—as M. Citroën's fussy little two-seaters are known in the vernacular—have to cease from troubling and come to rest. We were threatened with a very prolonged pause, for the counter-stream had but a second or two been released and was very lengthy. The *agent* in control looked very stiff and pompous, so there was no expectation that he would do other than apply the strict letter of his regulations.

BUT side by side with our Delage, in the front line, was a tiny little two-seater, which seemed to be panting with haste to thrust ahead. At the wheel was an alluringly dressed Parisienne, whose proximity promised to be some solace for the probable wait. But she had no eyes for us, although some of our entirely masculine party were not entirely unworthy of notice. After only twenty seconds of delay, she was markedly distressed.

SUDDENLY, she opened the door, and, leaning forward to the officer, said, on a most appealing note, "Please let me through, *Monsieur l'Agent.* I am going to a *rendezvous d'amour* and I am already twenty minutes late. Please do." The *agent* made a pretence of not having heard. But, five seconds after, the cross-traffic was stopped, and his baton signalled us forward with a very determined flick, that could readily be translated as "*Passez, l'amour.*" As the little two-seater bustled merrily ahead, Mademoiselle's grateful smile was the reward of the gallant *agent.*

"Five women in pursuit"

SACHA GUITRY, for once in a way, has failed to find as much favour as usual with his new play, *Une Etoile Nouvelle.* This is Sacha's fifty-fifth or fifty-sixth production, and some of the harsher critics are alleging that he is becoming exhausted. Here they are probably at fault, for Sacha Guitry is still young, and an occasional lapse, while working at the pace that he maintains, can scarcely be accepted as a sign of finality.

IT is so customary, however, for him to be showered with praise that the situation is a novel one. There are allegations that he is now going back on himself, drawing on the old stock and presenting it as new. Certainly the substance of *Une Etoile Nouvelle* is not only far from new, but is very ordinary and simple. It may be described in two lines. The wrong person is suspected of theft, and the secretary of a manufacturer successfully makes love to, and runs off with, his employer's wife, the employer consoling himself elsewhere.

BUT one is inclined to think that, so far from suffering from temporary poverty of imagination, Sacha Guitry is amusing himself by showing that he can make bricks without straw. Although there is almost an absence of plot, the *fantaisie* is very diverting, in some part deliciously amusing, thanks to the verve which

(Continued on page 958)

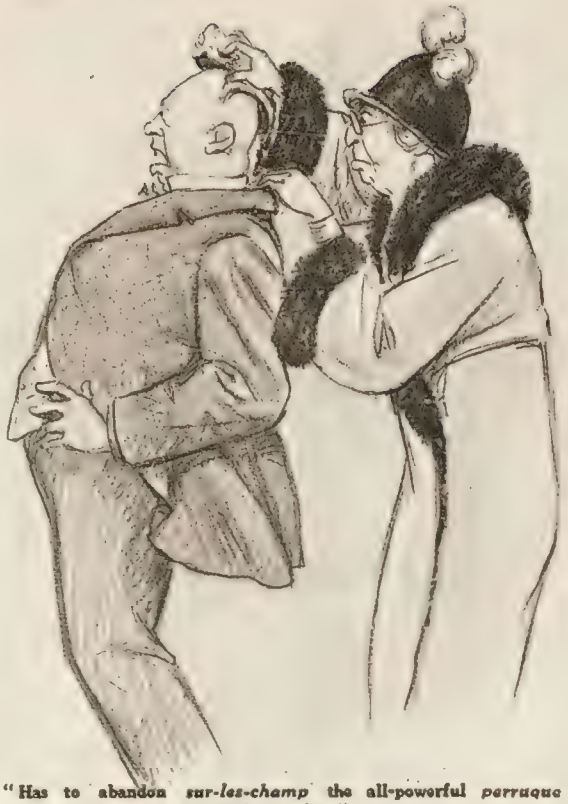
Dinard Dansants

BY HELEN McKIE

Dinard has been again discovered—by week-enders this time. For, thanks to the enterprising Southern Railway, it is now possible to have a Friday-to-Monday-night holiday at this delightful spot without any passports, and many folk are availing themselves of this welcome change now that the gay Dinard winter season has started. Southampton and St. Malo seem no distance on the new and very comfortable boat service that has been inaugurated. You say good-bye to Southampton on Friday night, and on Saturday morning are re-embarking at St. Malo on the little chortling *vedette* for Dinard—and thence to sunshine, golf, lawn tennis, dancing, a lot more dancing, and the ever-entrancing tables

this very practised author can impart to dialogue. Just as G. B. S. thinks he is as good as Shakespeare, so Sacha Guitry may wish to establish that he can compete on equal terms with Racine, demonstrating that the highest art is to make something out of nothing.

THERE is a suggestion of a not unfamiliar theme, also, about *Cinq femmes sur le dos* at the Théâtre Déjazet, with its story of a Don Juan in borrowed raiment, a Don Juan who has never been able to compel even the notice of his wife in his normal, and rather grotesque, bald-headedness. But, as with *Une Etoile Nouvelle*, the embroidering has been well done and the result is entertaining. By the aid of a *perruque*, and the smartly-cut clothes of a gay-living friend, the hitherto despairing provincial clerk develops such a pace during his Paris visit that in five days he has five women in pursuit. Mme. Marignan comes to the *pension* of the *cinq femmes*, and her husband has to abandon *sur-le-champ* the all-powerful *perruque* and *complets*. But Madame wants to know who is this irresistible Marignan about whom she has been hearing. Somewhat bothered, the culprit asserts that it is a son that he had in a previous marriage, hoping to get away with that. But Madame insists that the "son" shall be invited to Orleans. In the end Marignan meets the call and *tout s'arrange*.



"Has to abandon *sur-les-champ* the all-powerful *perruque* and *complets*"

"The obelisk in the Place de la Concorde has begun to lean"

AMONG Parisian customs which refuse to die, Mi-Carême processions must hold the record in deaths and revivals. After the miserable failure which followed the last effort to foster the spirit of carnival among people whose noses were blue without any painting, everyone thought that the *cortège* of tradition would be finally abandoned. The day of the festival is unvaryingly cold and nearly always wet, so that people who try to be merry in tulle and satinette generally require a week in bed to recover from the inevitable chill. Last time the casualties outnumbered anything before, so it was really definitely decided that the Mi-Carême *cortège* should be scrapped.

BUT we are to have it again next Mid-Lent, thanks, it is claimed, "to the devotion of certain citizens." This misplaced devotion is not to the taste of the majority of Parisians and the anonymous devotees are learning their correct names. But it is doubtful if they can be arrested by abuse. They belong to the *bouldogue* breed. Half a dozen "deaths" in a dozen years have not crushed their enthusiasm. They feel that Mi-Carême is like kind words and can never die. If only it were they who picked up pneumonia, instead of the midinettes, how much better it would be.

RAOUL PONCHON, the poet of wine, seems to have assured his future in the most appropriate manner by securing election to the Académie Goncourt. I told you how, on the morrow of his election, an appreciative connoisseur took the two best bottles from his cellar and bore them round in tribute to the new Academician. Since then, the winegrowers of Narbonne, sitting in general confederation, have agreed to have a medal struck in Ponchon's honour and, as an accompaniment, include a case of their best vintage.

NOW, the winegrowers of Bordeaux, Burgundy, Beaujolais, Champagne, Anjou, Touraine, Côtes du Rhine and Alsace are to follow the lead with sparkling homage to the *adorateur de la vigne*. What a successful song it is that Ponchon has sung. Wine for life. He should have nearly enough for all the members of the Académie Goncourt, big-bottle men though they be. Since the great news became known, the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde has begun to lean. No other cause can be discovered. RENÉ

CERTAIN boot and shoe emporia are now describing their wares as "shoe wear." Those who remember that phrase rapidly shouted by a sergeant on parade, find it particularly distasteful.

. . . . . .

DON'T leave those candied fruits about just now or you'll find Tommy poaching on your preserves.

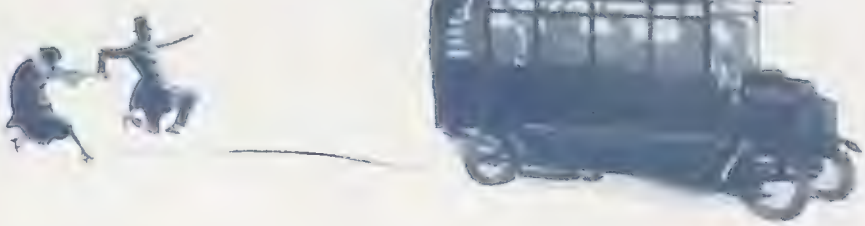
BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"IN A PERSIAN GARDEN"

THE FIRST BUSS AND THE LAST BUS—A BACK-T

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

-EARTH TRAGEDY



London Calling—

BY NICK

——But Not Too Insistently!

An impression of one of this season's attractions on the Riviera—dancing to the still, small voice of a London orchestra, broadcast from home

THE · RIVIERA · AS · A · YACHTING · RESORT

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON

All sea writers from Homer to Conrad have praised the Mediterranean as a cruising ground, and it would, indeed, be difficult to find a better. Though not always quite that "Latin Lake" the poets would have us believe, the coast of the Riviera is devoid of rocks and sandbanks. It is rarely necessary to look at a chart; tides, the bugbear of yachtsmen, are non-existent, while safe anchorage and snug harbours abound. In proof of my statement, we have the fact that two Swiss girls recently sailed all along the Riviera without any male assistance, and even crossed from Nice to Corsica; while last year two English ladies brought a motor cruiser out to Cannes from England, via the canals. The modern motor yacht and the admirable canal system of France have placed the Riviera within reach of the man of moderate means. So easy to handle are the motor cruisers of the present day that it is quite possible to dispense with professional assistance, while these little craft can be made so cosy that there is no need to seek an hotel. What is more delightful than to see the Riviera from the deck of one's own yacht, free to come and go as fancy dictates.? Leaving home in the early autumn one crosses the Channel to Havre, runs up the Seine past Rouen to Paris, and on south to Lyons *via* Dijon, then down the swift Rhone to Saint Louis, where masts and rigging are set up, and one is locked out upon the broad bosom of the sapphire Mediterranean. Our first port is Marseilles, and to spend a couple of days in that wonderful old harbour at the foot of the Cannebiere is a most entrancing experience. Here East meets West, and Africa comes to Europe; seamen and craft from all round the Mediterranean foregather at Marseilles. An hour's run to the eastward lies the curious little creek of Cassis, a typical Provencal fishing port.

Beyond the fantastic red cliffs of La Ciotat is Bandol, a charming little place with a spacious harbour. Toulon is our next port of call, and a very pleasant one. The town is full of life, and the sea level with the quays gives a most unreal stage effect. The Golden Isles off Hyères form one of the most beautiful cruising grounds to be found in any sea; among these islands are a number of secure anchorages in green bays and sandy coves, with semi-tropical vegetation down to the water's edge. On the mainland is the forest-clad coast of the Maures, with Cavalaire and picturesque Saint Tropez, the home of the lateen-rigged coasting craft; beyond lies Saint Raphael in the Gulf of Frejus, the Portsmouth of the Roman Riviera. And now the scenery of the coast takes on the aspect of the real Riviera; ashore are charming villas gleaming white against a background of red rocks, with pine trees down to the sea. This is the Esterel, the drop-scene that rises on Cannes, the Cowes of the Riviera. That this is no idle title may be judged from the names of some of the yachts flying the British ensign in Cannes last season: the Duke of Westminster's 1,087 ton four-masted auxiliary schooner *Flying Cloud*; Lord Tredegar's steam-yacht *Restless*, 753 tons; Lord Dunraven's 555 ton motor-yacht *Sona*; the steam yachts *Shemara*, *Jeannette*, *Rosabelle*, *Osprey*, *Mavis*, and the motor-yacht *Karen* of 225 tons with twin 240 h.p. Vickers-Petters motors, which made the passage from Southampton to Gibraltar in four

AT ST. LOUIS DU RHONE

GOING ALL OUT *A. Traverso*

Baglietto XXI, a successful racing motor-boat, getting a very considerable move on at Cannes

days and six hours. Then we have Lord Wolverton's schooner *Maid Marion*. Though a cruiser she sailed in a handicap with Madame Heriot's *Ailee*, formerly the ex-Kaiser's *Meteor IV*, and Prince Colloredo Mansfeld's *Gina*. Among the smaller craft which came out through the canals, *Rosemary*, *Lucy B*, *Constance*, *Concorde*, and *Hermione* may be mentioned among many others.

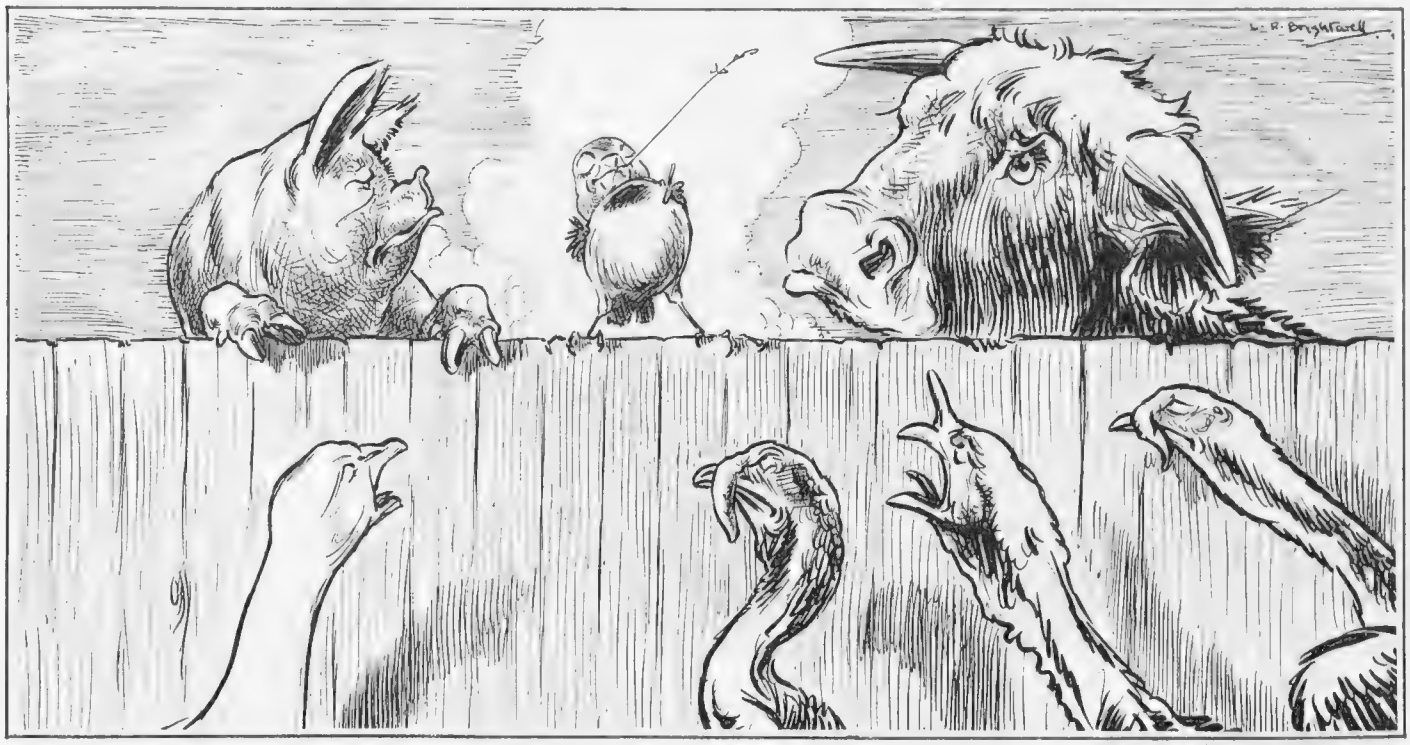
PROTECTED from the mistral by the Esterel Mountains, and from the east wind by the Lerin Isles and Antibes Promontory, Cannes is an ideal spot for yacht races, for it is seldom necessary to postpone racing on account of the weather. This season a Grand Yachting Fortnight will be held at Cannes, beginning at the end of March with motor-boat races, for which three British boats have already entered. Last season the motor-boat races, formerly run at Monte Carlo, were held at Cannes for the first time, and proved an unqualified success, Captain Woolf Barnato's *Ardenrun II* and the late Mr. Gordon Bolton's *Miss Empire* upholding the prestige of the blue ensign against craft from France, Italy, and the Argentine. Sailing races are held for all the international classes up to 8 metres. Last year's competition was keen between the French and Italian yachts, and this season vessels are expected from Great Britain, Spain, Holland and Scandinavia.

CONTINUING our cruise along this fairy shore we call at Antibes, for a little quiet after the gay life of Cannes. This is a pleasant old harbour, quaint and peaceful. Across the blue Bay of Angels we have a magnificent view of the snow-clad Alps as we set a course for Nice. Next comes old-world Villefranche, nestling in a snug corner of the deep bay. Rounding Cape Ferrat, pretty little Saint Jean and Beaulieu are visited. These little harbours are admirably suited for small craft; they are quiet anchorages, yet within easy hail of Nice and Monte Carlo. Ashore the villa gardens are gay with flowers, and rising from the sea is the wall of the Alps, with Eze serene on its rock pinnacle. Monaco, our next stop, is one of the oldest harbours in the world, and the Monégasques claim that it was founded by Hercules. It is not only one of the oldest, but the cleanest, and one of the most pleasant harbours in the world, wherein the blue or white ensigns may always be seen flying. There is always a breeze and generally a sea running out in the magnificent Bay of Hercules, so that some sporting regattas are held from Monaco. Rounding Cap Martin, that playground of the world's millionaires, we enter the Bay, and then the harbour of Menton, at the foot of a quaint old town on the slopes of the Alps. This is a very delightful harbour, for it is almost devoid of shipping, and yachts have plenty of room, while the scenery from one's deck is the finest on the whole Riviera. The vast semi-circle of mountains and the sapphire sea of Garavan Bay once seen can never be forgotten.

BUT a mile across this beautiful bay and we find ourselves in Italian waters. Our first harbour is San Remo, the largest of the Italian Riviera resorts, and a good anchorage. From San Remo it is usual to sail straight on to Genoa, for there is not much to attract visitors at any of the intermediate harbours of Porto Maurizio, Oneglia or Savona, though the latter has a picturesque tower and some characteristic craft. Genoa, with its old streets, churches, palaces, and pictures, teems with interest, and the harbour is full of animation. In February a very sporting International Regatta is held at Genoa, to open the Riviera yachting season, which ends at Marseilles in April. Races are held for all the international classes up to 8 metres, and team races take place for the eights and sixes for the Mediterranean Cup, as well as the Coppa d'Italia for the six-metre class. The Royal Italian Yacht Club is a most hospitable body, and provides a capital programme.

A FEW miles east of Genoa lies one of the most lovely anchorages in Europe, the beautiful land-locked cove of Portofino, tucked away in a fold of the hills that surround the Gulf of Rapallo. This is really the only purely natural harbour on the Riviera. There is a picturesque village, typical of Italy, and a wealth of olive gardens, orange, lemon and other exotic trees and plants. From Portofino we can cruise on down to Spezia, the land of Byron and Shelley, then cross over to Elba, Corsica and Sardinia, with a choice of routes home either through the Straits of Gibraltar or by way of the Canal du Midi from Cette to Bordeaux and up the Biscay coast to Brittany and the Channel.

LESLIE RICHARDSON



TACT!

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL.

CHEERY SPARROW: "You know, you fellows, what I always like about Christmas is that it means a jolly time for *everybody*."

A Christmas Foot-Note

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

SHE: "Yes, and this morning my stockings were filled with the most adorable things"
HE: "Er—so I see"

Christmas Stars in the

Above, Miss Ursula Morton, who is dancing in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Christmas production at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane
Below, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who plays "Miss Thing" in the Haymarket revival of "A Kiss for Cinderella"

Above, Miss Isobel Elsom, who is the Principal Girl in the Christm Pantomime "Mother Goose" at the London Hippodrome. Below Miss Olive Sloane, who is playing "Dick Whittington" at t King's Theatre, Hammersmith

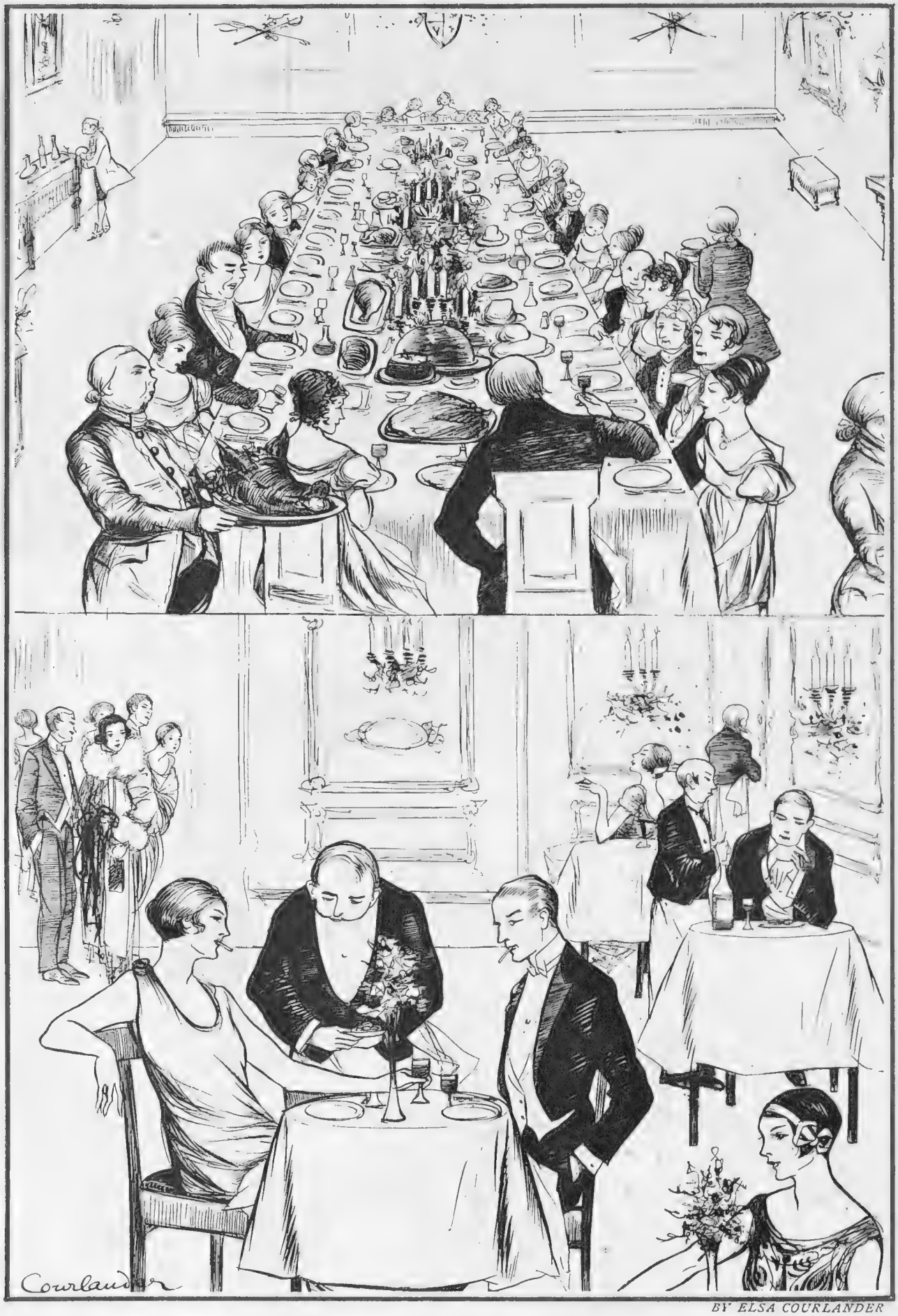
Theatrical Firmament

ove, Miss Dorothy Ward, who is the Principal Boy in "Mother ose" at the London Hippodrome. Below, Miss Jill Esmond Moore, daughter of Miss Eva Moore. She is the "Nibs" in the "Peter Pan" revival at the Adelphi

Above, Miss Denise St. Leger, who is the second boy in "Goldilocks," this year's pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol. Below, Miss Ruby Hilary, the Prince in "The Windmill Man," the children's play which is again at the Victoria Palace

Photographs—Claude Harris Foulsham & Banfield, Mabel Robey, Malcolm Arbuthnot and Bassano

A Fare Comparison



BY ELSA COURLANDER

Christmas dinner in the spacious days of old and in the modern restaurantage

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Matsu, the femn offsprings are not so good and lowly as in Japan. They insist non-effeminately to please themselves and not Hon. paternals whom they do not worship nor seek blessings of."

"But what for are womans invent if not to meekishly obey Hon. parentals!" Matsu ejacule. "Are they not 2-nd class matter?"

"Not in Grt. Britain, Matsu. But not any the lessly, these non-obedience femns obtain good punishments. Some day I shall take you to Hon. Lyceum to see transpontine depictions of Anglo life."

"Can you not orate me some specimens vocally, Yogo?"

"They depict us that these saidly non-obedients always achieve bad ends on or about Xtmas, Matsu. When they have made to produce 3 or 5 offsprings to their wicked husband, saidly husband forseeks them because of beautiful vampire with snake eyes. The now non-husbanded wife then pads her hoofs 100's of miles on Xtmas night in the snow to Hon. paternal abode. Just as the Xtmas bells are exuding joyish sings, she plunks her offsprings on ancestral doorstep and then plunges for ever into the icy mud of family pond."

"My premonitory suppositions of the Anglo Xtmas seem to non-synchronise with the genuine brass tacks, cousin Yogo. Can you not narrate me some more cheerfulish aspects?"

"When you see your vocabulars in print, Matsu, it shall show you they emerge from entirely the back of your neck," I response. "Your so grammatic errors should make me to mirth, if not so tragical. You must not flatter to suppose you can achieve to command the Anglo language as myself in 3 or 7 minutes. Have you witnessed to see the Serpentine?"

"An Anglo Xtmas morning festive"

"Seek in Q's to acquire kisses"

Plunks her offsprings on ancestral doorstep"

"O no, I have not seen yet this serpent."

"The Serpentine are not a snake, but a liquid pond, Matsu. Perhapsly I shall take you to witness this so celebrated Anglo Xtmas morning festive. Then you shall see numerous clotheless persons jumping into the ice naked for good cheers."

"Does this make them to feel theological?"

"No, but very hardy and non-pervious like the Vi and other sea-water kings in or about B.C." I rejoint.

(Kindly to impardon, Hon. Sir, this so longish dialoguing, also the pedantical ignoramus Hon. Matsu Hirossaki who thinks he can speak the tongue like as myself, but only swells himself with pride and other wicked virtues. But no doubtlessly he will haste to purchase 100's of BYSTANDERS to send his Hon. parentals and other family deposits in Japan.)

The Xtmas season I find to be very fatigueful if you have the non-luck to be a popular *literati*. Alreadily I suffer considerable pester with invitings to Xtmas parties from aristocracies and other landed gentries, masc and femn. No doubtfully these Society persons adore to hear my so wittish conversings which gives their parties an *éclat* (French polish). Howeverly, I must assiduously endeavour to non-disappoint the so innumerous fairs who seek in Q's to acquire kisses off me under the miseltow bow.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths will sustain the Xtmas big feedings, I remain

Yogo Hama

"When It's Summer Time at Monte—

A. S. A.

—It's Wednesday Over Here"

Sport and General

Sport and General

And a very black Wednesday too, to judge by these two photographs taken during the recent fog that cast its gloomy mantle over London and the country!

Fancy Dress Philosophy

By Blanchette

Illustrated by Helen McKie

"Bystander Birthday Ball"

LONDON, *December* 22

DEAR COUSIN—

WOULDN'T it be rather lovely, really, if we could only always live in fancy dress? Be Queens and Princesses with all sorts of gorgeous gold and velvet and ermine robes, and glorious shimmering headdresses, or lovely Egyptian ladies of the Cleopatra kind—costume more or less optional as to amount and mainly depending on which (if not all) of our limbs we feel 'll throw real credit on us if fully exposed to public gaze. 'Cos, of course, in fancy dress you can wear anything up to 'bout ten thousand times less than you'd ever like to be seen going to the bath in, in mere ord'n'ry humdrum cold light-of-day life. . . .

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OR take the floor *toujours*, if you want to, fantastically trousered—tho' *that* mode has rather by now passed by, being a bit on the overdone side, likewise only becoming to the very youthful and slimmest. But, anyway, dress in anything from 20th century B.C. to ditto A.D., 'cording to mood—'cos that's, after all, the real joy of it. To feel you are master or mistress of the Ages. . . . I s'pose that's half the philosophy of fancy dress, if anything so heady could make one anything so cool as a philosopher.

THERE'S something more in it, anyway, you know, am quite sure, than just merely dressing up. There's that subtle link, for one thing, of feeling you're just Marie Antoinette herself (only rather better looking), or Semiramis, or Andromeda (she had very little on, too, when she was chained to that rock), or Mary Queen of Scots (who always had plenty of dancing partners handy), or any Tudor or Stuart, or Georgian, or Early Victorian dame or damsel, with cavalier to match. Makes the world more spacious, doesn't it, and gives you centuries instead of a mere generation to live in?

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LIKEWISE and above all for men, *quelle* boon and blessing this unlimited dressing licence—though they mightn't altogether appreciate it 'emselves all at once, poor dear things. Being rather rootedly 'servative, most of 'em, which is passable in politics, but tends to 'siderable undoubted boringness in the clothes line, as you might say.

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ALL very well for them to be always shrugging their shoulders and smiling indulgent smiles, or else talking at the tops of their voices, about our changing fashions and the odd shapes we make ourselves and how it pains them to gaze upon the sad results, etcet. But what about *our* feelings when we gaze on *them*? Those terribly monotonous suits that all look just the same and their equally monot'nous evening uniform of black—that, of course, *they* cunningly try to get out of ever altering or improving by saying it's the best background in the world (the shy, retiring darlings) for our painstaking efforts in the way of colour and line and verve and vim, and all that sort of thing.

"Shingling makes one bald"

A LOVELY life, God wot, and after all, why not? Spent quite a lot of time the other morning, I did, with Mr. Tom Heslewood at that wonderful place of his just near Covent Garden—he's the man, you know, who dresses all the best costume plays, and was Irving's great friend—and the frocks and jewels and relics he has there are just dreams. Dreams of the past, and not merely the stage past either, 'cos quite lots of 'em are real genuine things real people wore. Richest silk, flashing brilliants. And it was the same England then, too, after all. Even must 've had fogs then just occas'nally, not to mention frosts.

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ALL of which reflections, dear cousin, as you've doubtless guessed, are not altogether p'raps uninspired by real and actual fancy dress affairs of the moment.

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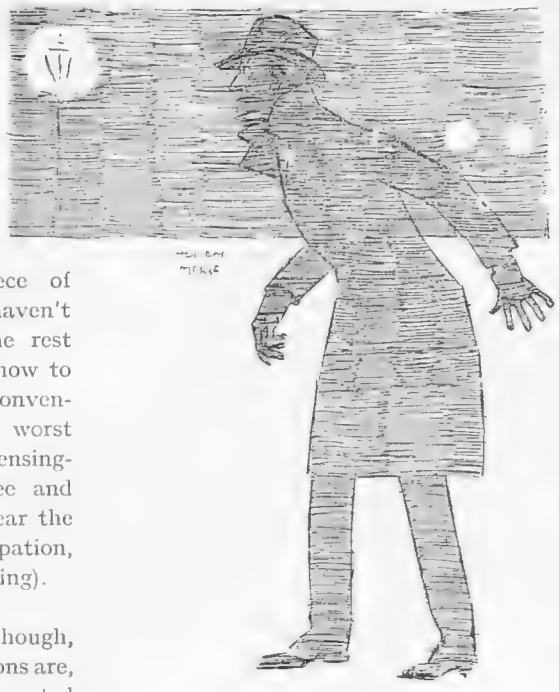
IT'S so many things all in one. The world for once has gone mad—and we so seldom go mad in London. But, *moi qui vous parle*, I claim it, we can go mad with the best. Better than

"Tudor or Stuart or Georgian"

Paris even, I b'lieve (said she patriotically). For in Paris madness is nothing new, but we, for 363 days in the year, claim respectability—the other two occasions being the Three Arts Ball and another, of which more anon. And then we truly let ourselves go. But (and here's yet one more piece of fancy dress philosophy) as we haven't overstrained our nerves all the rest of the time, we manage somehow to do it without outraging any conventions (except, perhaps, of the worst and most respectable kind of Kensington or Hampstead, where coffee and claret cup are felt to be rather near the knuckle in the way of dissipation, and that sort of unspeakable thing).

THIS being Christmas time, though, even our very best conventions are, just for the moment, just a bit abrogated and in abeyance, what? Not usually 'sidered quite nice, f'instance, is it, to devote your whole mental outlook to the materialistic topic of food, not to mention drink? But, in these Christmas days, who fears, however refined, to touch on the topic of food (not to mention drink)?



"Fogs"

LET'S talk and think a lot about food, shall us? Christmas being more or less what you call right on our heels—and also seeing as how in only a few days and nights from now (I fear, alas) the topic won't be half so int'resting. 'N fact not sure we shan't be almost what you might call fed up, so to speak. Also circuses. *Panem et circenses*, didn't someone once say in those classical days, meaning a rather nice Bollinger-y dinner at the Empress Rooms (where they've got a perfectly good new ventriloquist) and so on to Olympia, and the joys of—oh, I can't remember it all . . . fifteen clowns or so, and any 'mount of horses and elephants and kangaroos and things.

BY the way (have I mentioned it before?) there's also that rather nice, not to say 'pletely superb and *épatant* BYSTANDER Ball at the Alb. Hall on December 31 as ever is, with the most marvellous stunts in the world, including gifts of chocs and fags to all and sundry, and all the best Chelsea people who are attending by special request (this being also, by the way, the Chelsea Arts Ball).

AND they say Germany is re-arming, and c'lecting all sorts of new forces and—what's even more important—that bobbing and shingling's going to make us bald. Well, Merry Xmas, spite of all our troubles!

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

BALLET WHILE YOU FEED

An impression by Miss Helen McKie, of the *Coppelia* ballet which Mr. C. B. Cochran is staging at the Trocadero Restaurant. Owing to some brain waves of the L. C. Sea, this delightful entertainment is no answer to the question "What'll you do Sunday, Ma-ar-ry?"

"SYMPHONY DE NOËL"

Miss Margaret Bannerman, a not too youthful admirer, and a "bouquet" of spindleberry, in a touching Christmas scene outside the Bell, at Hurley, one of the oldest inns in Britain. Miss Bannerman, who has been the outstanding success of "Our Betters," which concludes its long run at the Globe on Saturday, is to play lead next month in its successor, "Camilla States Her Case"

FEMINA

JUST LONDON

By "CANDIDA"

Not to be leaving London almost immediately is to write yourself down a person of no distinction, no taste, no leisure, nothing that's supposed to make life worth living. Not that I agree. But I'm thinking of several happenings that almost persuaded me to agree; a dose of fog, for instance, which discouraged even the inveterate pleasure-as-usualers, followed by the sort of wind that's supposed to search the marrow of your bones. What it actually does is to turn you an unbecoming scarlet or blue in spite of industrious applications of the things that live in your vanity bag. I'm thinking of the Christmas rush, and the frenzied shopping, of life obsessed by the pursuit of trifles. No longer do the vast, the important issues count—if ever they did. It's the little things that matter, until you've bought them for someone, or someone has bought them for you. At your dressmaker's, instead of serious business they're dealing in frilly, frivolous, futile sachets, the use of which would complicate life enormously, and elaborately crinolined dolls that I can't imagine any use for, unless they're meant to be tea-cosies or telephones-covers, or just things of beauty which don't pretend to "cosy" or to cover anything.

Not that I agree entirely with the Exodus, or the Exodusers. I wouldn't exchange my London, in spite of everything, for all the Switzerlands and the so-called "sunny Souths" of anywhere. Switzerland, for one thing, is an over-rated pleasure. In theory, I grant you, it's perfect for those tiresome people who must always be doing something. A blue sky, silvery pine trees, a still, snowy mountainside, and yourself on skis gliding swiftly, silently through fairyland. Not a word's said about tumbling into snowdrifts and the weariness of one's bones which are kept at it, "it" being every sort of hard exercise, morning, evening, noon and night. And then the aggressive woolliness of a situation which is as expensive as it is woolly. Such stockings, breeches, mufflers, hats, all as carefully matched and thought about as your best creation. This season no one wears the anyhowish, haphazard things that were considered good enough for the purpose last year. You may be an expert at the sports part, but even that won't excuse frumpiness. You must dress the part nowadays in kasha of the latest cut, carefully blended to match a snowy landscape. It's just about as expensive to go winter-sporting to St. Moritz as it is to dawdle through a fashionable Deauville August.

As for the South of France, we're all agreed that it's the haunt of the *nouveau riche* who've spoilt it for the less new, and especially the less rich, and that you meet there the very people you've spent years of your life in avoiding. There they invent wonderful devices for ridding you of the money you've still got left, and lay you low with special brands of influenza which, I'd almost said, they keep for the purpose. After this don't you agree that London has its points, not on the fox-that-lost-his-tail principle, but out of honest conviction?

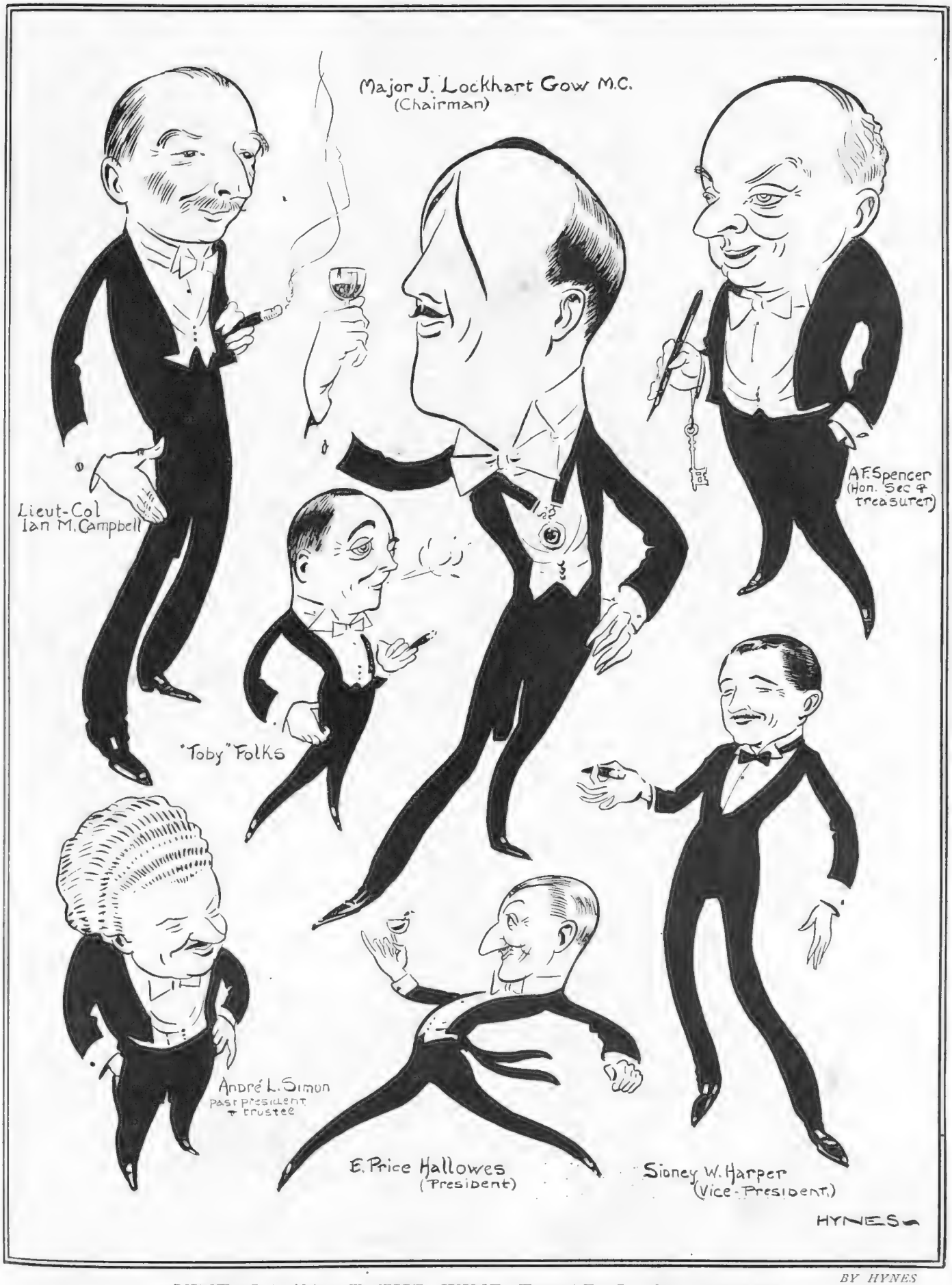
What is that "something" about London that's so attractive in spite of everything? The burst of ill-humour with which I began these remarks must not be taken seriously. I never remove myself far without pining for the old, familiar vastness, the friendliness that hasn't its equal in the world, the thunder of the 'buses, and the green smile of the Park even in winter. Half the streets may be up, they may be rebuilding and removing all my pet shops, but the fascination's still there. On a December afternoon, such as really happened in Bond Street yesterday, when the lights stood out like early glow-worms against a pale, pearly sky, when delightful young women in velvet and fur, and bloom-of-peach stockings, twinkling faintly pink in the long interval between their coats and their charming shoes, hurried back to their cars laden with the last of their Christmas presents—I thought you might go farther and fare worse.

Still thinking of the beauty of London, which we take too much for granted, I drifted into the Fine Arts Society, and found a painted London such as even my appreciative eyes had never seen. London, as Mr. Dacre Adams sees it, a London of beauty, with all the turmoil left out of it. There was Trafalgar Square, just as you'd feel it, though your eyes wouldn't be far-seeing enough to see it that way, and Westminster, softly grey and romantic, and dream-like. The wonder of the Sphinx standing a solid mass of black against the jewel-studded night on the Embankment; further, the spire of a famous church climbing into a primrose evening sky, and you could almost hear the tinkling of its bell through the dusk of a Sunday afternoon. The Monument, which to most of us is just the name of a station we never get out at, made a picture which wasn't just composition and atmosphere. These artist people are always right, and I came out saying to myself: "So this is London."

"IN CONTEMPLATIVE FASHION"

Sir William Plender, seated centre, with Mr. Adair Fitzgerald on his left, at a debate of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society at the Essex Hall. The subject, "Which is the most popular Gilbert and Sullivan Opera, and Why?" proved too knotty a problem to unravel really successfully

"Across the Walnuts and the Wine"



BY HYNES

VINTAGE '24 AT THE WINE TRADE CLUB DINNER

A few of the cheerful folk who know that wine is really made to make us glad, sketched in merry mood at the recent Wine Trade Club's Annual Dinner at the Connaught Rooms

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

An American Turfite

THE recent death of Mr. August Belmont causes a big gap in the American racing world, and removes one who was an international sportsman in the best sense of the expression. He ran his horses in England and in France as well as in his own country, and invariably he raced upon the best and the straightest of lines. It was Mr. Belmont who took such a prominent part in the arrangements which led to the visit of Papyrus to the United States. That was an ill-starred adventure. But it did nothing to daunt the ardour of the American enthusiast, who promptly helped to make plans for Epinard to go to the United States in the following year. As you will recall, Epinard was beaten into second place in each of the three great races he competed in, and one of the horses which beat him, Ladkin, was owned by Mr. Belmont. He had the best interests of the Turf at heart, and was always hopeful of seeing it become as popular with the American people as baseball is.

A German Purchase

IT is quite clear that the Germans are now determined to endeavour to breed as good race-horses as they did before the War. They have just purchased Caligula for stud purposes, which is a sign that they are anxious to replenish their blood from the best available sources. I do not know the precise amount they have given for the St. Leger winner of 1920, but I dare say it will run to something like £10,000. This is a big sum of money for a supposedly impoverished nation to lay out on a thoroughbred stallion. But recent events have shown us that if bloodstock breeders on the Continent are in need of English horses they do not allow the question of unfavourable currency exchanges to stop them from paying substantial prices. For instance, the Italians were very big buyers at the Newmarket sales this month, while scores of well-bred brood mares were purchased at high figures for France.

Luck in the Derby

DURING the winter there will naturally be many discussions on the prospects of the classic races of the coming year. Lord Astor must be regretful now that he did not enter his filly Saucy Sue for the Derby. That race always seems to elude his grasp. He has been second for it with Blink, Buchan, Craig-an-Eran, Tamar, and St. Germans, which is about as curious an example of hard luck as the annals of the Turf can show. And now, when Lord Astor has a two-year-old which is reckoned to be the champion of the year, she is not eligible to run in the Derby. It is just possible that this owner may, after all, have a formidable competitor in the premier race in Cross Bow. There was nothing in this colt's form at the back end of the past season which would suggest that he is up to the classic standard. But he was obviously very backward, and I think he was only started at Newmarket and Liverpool with the object of giving him some useful experience of the racecourse. I know that a good deal is thought of this colt at Manton, and you know what marvellous things Alec Taylor has done in the past with horses which did not shape very well in their two-year-old careers.

Central Press

WITH THE BICESTER

Lord Greville (a prominent figure in the Bicester country), with Mrs. Mildmay at a meet of Lord Chesham's pack at Bourton

Topical

WITH THE NORTH COTSWOLD

Captain and Mrs. Muir at a meet of the North Cotswold at Chipping Camden

Hunting Notes

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

The Festive Season

WHEN the weather is open, Christmastime is, perhaps, the most pleasant period of the hunting season. Country houses are filled with guests keen to have a few days with the packs of which their respective hosts happento be supporters. An air of goodfellowship pervades the Boxing Day meets, and there is a very large turn-out of boys and girls home on their holidays. A few old fogies pretend to object to the presence of the youngsters, and declare that they are always "getting in the way" at gates and gaps. But this is obviously a wrong attitude.

Everything should be done to encourage the youngsters in their keenness for foxhunting, and if they do cause a little mischief on their spirited little ponies, we must remember that they will soon grow out of that. It is always worth bearing in mind that the boys of to-day may be the hunt subscribers, and even the Masters of Hounds, of to-morrow. So the more of them who can get about with the hounds, the better for the future prosperity of the sport.

The Christmas *Douceur*

HUNT servants look forward keenly to Christmas time. Followers of hounds should note that it is an old-established custom to present a *douceur* to the huntsman and his whippers-in at this period of the season. Most people will agree that the hunt servants thoroughly deserve their tips. It is true they are paid for their work, and most of them find their job extremely congenial. At the same time, they have to take a good many risks in riding to hounds in the course of the season. We can funk all the nasty places, but the hunt servants have to go ahead, and they accept with equanimity the hard knocks which inevitably come their way from time to time. Therefore, don't forget their Christmas boxes.

Alfieri

AN AFTER-THE-BALL MEET

Mrs. Walter Buckmaster, wife of the Master of the Warwickshire, at the Wroxton Abbey meet after the United Hunt Ball

A BEAGLE MEET *Photo Illus.*

A general view of a recent meet of Lord North's Basset Beagles at Broughton Castle, Lord Saye & Sele's seat near Banbury. Lord North, the Master, is standing second from the left

The Digging Question

IN a certain country there has been a good deal of discussion lately regarding the ethics of the digging-out of foxes. Complaints are made that the M.F.H. is much too prone to resort to the spade, and causes a good deal of valuable time to be wasted in this way. It must never be forgotten, however, that the Master of Hounds has supreme authority in these matters. I recall a case in Lincolnshire a few years ago when the M.F.H.'s right to dig out foxes where and when he pleased was questioned by two or three people in the hunt, and a great deal of unpleasantness was the result. It simply amounts to this—that the field must have confidence in the M.F.H.'s discretion. The Master, for his part, should not be expected to lose sight of the fact that he has the enjoyment and the comfort of his followers at his sweet will.

L. N. A.

LADY ROWENA PATERSON

The Earl of Huntingdon's sister at a meet of the Quorn at Keyham

An Arch-Offender

"ALWAYS dig your fox cub-hunting if he goes to ground in a practicable place," said one of the greatest authorities of his day, "but in regular hunting it is better to go and find another than to keep the field starving in the cold." By all accounts, some of the old-time M.F.H.'s were great offenders in this respect. Sir Bellingham Graham, for example, was always anxious to dig when he ran a fox to ground. Even his son admitted that the old M.F.H. evidently thought more of his hounds than he did of his field. On one occasion, in the Atherstone country, a fox went to ground just in front of the pack after a long hunting run. Sir Bellingham dug for three hours, and then failed to get his fox.

RUGGER RAGGINGS

A COMBINED EFFORT—AND ONE MORE

By "PENDARVES"

IN spite of the gay-coloured stockings made specially for the occasion (the Combined Services players of 1924 can wear these hereafter with justifiable pride, by the way), in spite of the special emblem on the breast of the white jerseys, in spite of the sixteen (or was it eighteen ?) free kicks given by the referee against the All Blacks, to the three against us—in spite of the rays of humour caused (1) by the trotting across the ground of the two doctors to finish off Loriston Clarke's doubtful collar-bone; and (2) the peremptory whistling back by Mr. Potter-Irwin of the New Zealanders from the dressing-rooms to the ground at half-time; in spite of all these interesting moments, it was a sorry business for 20,000 people on the Twickenham ground that day, and a worse one for John Russell and his decisively beaten men. For beaten they were, hip and thigh, fore and aft.

This season's Rugger so far has one topic of over-riding interest to Rugby followers—the doings of the All Blacks. It is not surprising. They are a very great side. As great a side, it seems, certainly so far as present results show, as was Gallaher's team of 1905. I remember that team well. I can see no inferiority in this 1924 combination, rather the contrary. Having in mind what I had written about them after the first London match, I tried to see at Twickenham on their second appearance if I had summed them up correctly. There is one thing, I think, that one can say about them which puts their prowess into a short and final phrase; they play *intensive* Rugby, as opposed to our spasmodic Rugby. Our men at Twickenham, and at many places elsewhere on the tour, collectively and individually played brilliantly, notably the Services forwards, and of them notably Chick of the Air Force, Browne of the Army, and Luddington of the Navy, in order of merit: the difference between the two sides being that whereas on our part these were flashes of extreme brilliance, they were brilliant *the whole time*.

A movement on the part of the All Blacks is never finished until a try has been scored. No man on their side is ever attacking or defending alone, doing anything with the ball unaided. There are never less than two men, usually three, often five, swarming like black locusts all round him, ready to alight in an instant on man or ball, or both. It is, I feel sure, that basic fact as much as to individual skill, speed and weight which makes them what they are—a terrible side to cope with.

They have one or two players certainly whose equal we cannot produce in these four countries, let us admit it readily. Cooke, Steel, Svenson; I doubt if we can array any three outsides against them having the same peculiar gifts as they. Of the twenty-year-old Maori full back, G. Nepia (the "Sepia-Nepia," as a famous caricaturist has dubbed him) there is unquestionably no full back in Great Britain anywhere approaching him for all-round consistent excellence of play. His screw kicking to touch, his lion-hearted courage in going down to and successfully stopping an avalanche of heavy rushing forwards, his immense speed, his perfect hands, combine to make him in the opinion of many high authorities one of the finest full backs that has been seen in this country within the memory of living man. And the professional element, up North, tried to buy him for fifteen hundred pounds! Thank goodness they failed. One hopes they were properly snubbed.

We have one more chance, before England stands in the last ditch on January 3. At Blackheath next Saturday London will make another stupendous effort. For this purpose the whole side has been changed, with the exception of three men, Wakefield, Cove-Smith, and Hamilton Wickes, who could not, of course, be left out of any representative side. Eight of the newcomers are 'Varsity men, four from Oxford and four from Cambridge; while A. L. Gracie, whom the All Blacks regard as one of the greatest three-quarters they have ever met, comes into the side—not before it is time.

The team on the whole is a better class than that which played in the first match. Raymond at full back is not likely to be disturbed by the greatness of the occasion. His English "cap" probably depends on this game, and he knows it. He is not a nervy person. With Hamilton-Wickes and Jacob, presumably, on the wings, and Gracie and Gibbs in the centre, we have got a straight running, hard tackling three-quarter line, and we want that above all else. Arthur Young at the scrum will give Porter as much as he gets.

Fine football we shall assuredly see. It is a sheer delight to watch those black jerseys at work, no matter how many points they may be piling up. A London victory ?—hardly.

Nevertheless, over-anxiety has lost big matches before now—and may again.

THE ALL BLACKS AT TWICKENHAM *Central News*

The King shaking hands with the All Blacks before their match with the Combined Services at Twickenham. The New Zealanders won by the convincing margin of 25 points to 3

Concerning Diaries

The sportsman who can lay his finger on various facts faithfully recorded in black and white has a distinct pull over his colleagues. Anyone can be in that enviable position, for at the modest cost of half-a-crown can be procured a Charles Letts's *Sportsman's Diary*. This diary contains facts concerning every form of sport. The firm of Charles Letts and Co. have on the market diaries of every conceivable type and size.

BUCHANAN'S

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BY APPOINTMENT

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MOTOR NOTES

BY GEORGE C. STEAD

NORTHWARD BOUND

A 40/50 six-cylinder Napier touring car on the road to Inverness

CHRISTMAS is always a busy time for motorists. As the one most important family function of the year, any form of motor transport is called into service for the purpose of attending family gatherings, meetings with friends, and all the responsibilities of the festive season. It is more than probable that cars are more ill-used at this time of the year than at any other. The tendency is to treat the car purely as a servant, to be left outside until one requires it, irrespective of frost, snow, sleet or ice. It says much for the modern car that it comes up smiling after all its neglect and lack of consideration.

* * *

THE problem of Christmas presents is always a difficult one, but when the recipient is the owner of the motor vehicle, the task is considerably simplified. There are so many things, ranging in price from a few shillings to many pounds, which one can give as a permanent memento of one's good wishes at this season of the year. To mention a few, there are gauntlets, mascots, mufflers, sparking plugs, clocks, dash mirrors, radiator thermometers, screen wipers, radiator cosies, etc., etc. In fact, a visit to any of the accessory vendors will show a thousand and one things which can be fitted to practically any car.

* * *

OVER 100 car entries have been received for the Winter Run organised by the Motor Cycling Club to start from Staines on Boxing night. The trial includes motor-cycles, side-car machines, three-wheelers, and cars. The first car (an official one) will leave the Bridge House Hotel, Staines, at 8 p.m. on Friday evening. This will be followed by the other competitors in the order named. The route is a simple one as far as Sidmouth, where the ascent of Peak Hill has to be carried out non-stop. The return journey will be much more interesting than in previous years, as several hill tests are included on the homeward journey. The most interesting of these is a re-starting test on White Sheet Hill, near Beaminster, where the cars have to re-start at a given signal, and to cover twenty yards in not more than fifteen seconds. This is one of the most sporting trials of the year, and is well worth watching at the various points.

* * *

CARS which are equally suitable for use with closed or open bodies are necessarily limited in number. Among the select few, I think the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall must hold a very high place. Its smooth, vibrationless running makes it very suitable for either purpose, while its remarkable reserve of power must make it particularly suitable for the transport of heavy closed bodies.

* * *

I HAVE recently covered a considerable distance on one of the open models of this car, fitted with their standard four-wheel brakes, and I can frankly say that I am fascinated with its performance. If marks were to be awarded for excellence on any one of its running features, such as steering, braking, springing, easy starting, etc., the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall would obtain 100 per cent. I was particularly impressed by the ease of gear change and the silence of the lower gears. There was therefore no inclination to hold on to a higher gear when a lower one would give greater speed on a gradient or in traffic. Gear changing is the bugbear of all but the most expert drivers, and anything which will simplify this somewhat onerous task —as in the case of the Vauxhall—will endear such a car to the hearts of all drivers.

* * *

THE Vauxhall is an exceptionally good hill climber. In fact, to quote Kipling, it can climb a hill "like a hunted cat on a wall." At the same time, it can be brought down to its lowest speed and then will pick up with the most childlike ease. Another fascinating feature of the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall is that one can creep into one's garage on a cold and frosty morning, set the mixture control lever to "Rich," switch on, press the starter button, and the the engine will leap into life without the slightest hesitation. In a very few minutes it will be developing its full power. Did not my particular fancy lie in the direction of the 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall, I would as soon have a 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall as any other of the world's better cars.

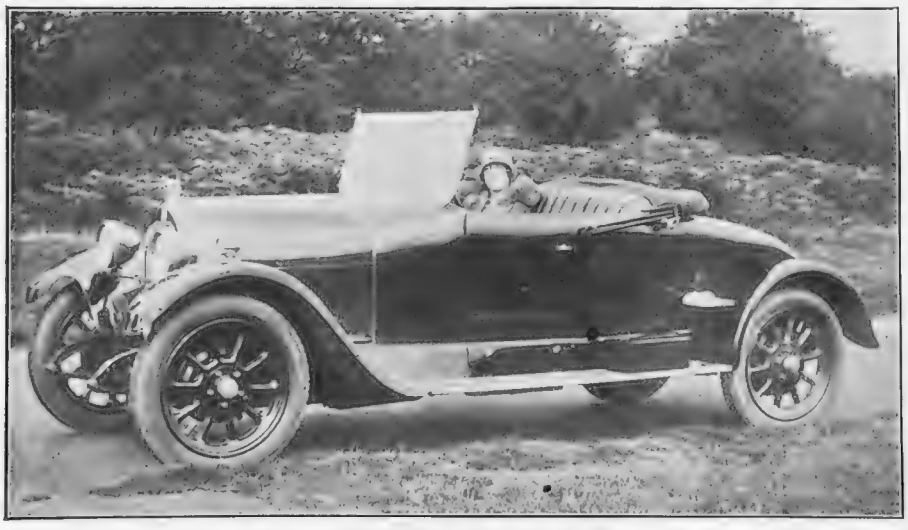
* * *

WHETHER we have a good old-fashioned Christmas or not, it is improbable that we shall have really hot sunshine! Owing to the vagaries of our climate, it can scarcely be expected until the Spring. Nevertheless, one can still motor into the world's most brilliant sunlight, and this has been rendered possible by the enterprise of M. André Citroën. Starting next month, the Citroën Trans-African Company will take you from London to Timbuktoo and back in perfect comfort and safety. You will travel across the Sahara on both wheeled and Kegresse cars. You will travel down the Niger on fast motor-boats. You can rest in the palm groves of the Sudan, come face to face with the Tuaregs, the famous veiled men of the Sahara, and you can taste the incomparable joys of big game shooting in the famous "W" district of the Niger. There is no need to "rough it" on these excursions, as in the evening you will rest in luxurious hotels which have been specially built in the desert, complete with every modern luxury. On some nights in the desert where the hotels have not yet been built, the travellers will have the more picturesque accommodation of large camps with a central tent for meals, and separate well-equipped sleeping tents.

* * *

THE crossing of the Sahara has hitherto been looked upon as a most adventurous expedition, but M. André Citroën, with his customary enterprise, has made it a comparatively simple trip, thereby opening up one of the vaster continents of the world.

G. C. S.



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First attempts . . . The will to achieve . . . Ambition is realised only when nerve-energy is adequate . . .

As a regular thing, a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk—hot or cold—will give her strength, vigour and energy to live life happily. Horlick's contains the nourishment of pure milk, wheat flour and malted barley. Delicious!

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THE ORIGINAL
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MADE IN ENGLAND

Ready in a moment with hot or cold water

At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-
The tablets also in flasks, 7½d. and 1/3d.
A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded, post free, for 3d. in stamps.

Served in restaurants and cafés of standing

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

THE DOGGY CHRISTMAS GOOD FARE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

BEST of good wishes to all good Dogs and all good humans—which means every Dog-lover—for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

It's a season beloved of Dogs (unlike some of the summer holidays) because a time of full homes, and of high jinks that don't take their friends away from them. Whilst a convinced hater of pampering and over-feeding, I always see to it that our Dogs feast at Christmas like other folk; for nobody can more thoroughly enjoy an occasional blow-out than they do. But—Oh, yes; there's a substantial "but," an't please you!—let there be no after-taste of cruelty in your kindness. You don't offer a swig of the punch to the baby in arms, or serve devilled kidneys in the nursery, or regale your favourite hunter with a cut off the sirloin. Well, turkey-bones and bits of mince-pie, plum-pudding or Stilton are no more absurdly unsuitable as feast-fare for Dogs.

No; "Just this once!" "He *is* such a dear!" are self-deceiving sophistries, quite irrelevant, and won't compensate for even the littlest lapse. For your Dog, such things are just as poisonous as caviare and liqueurs for the baby. But good honest beef, and good big bones (made savoury in the oven), and, if you're bent on luxury, raw eggs beaten up as a dressing, or strong broth—no condiments in it, please!—maybe even plain suet pudding, or the milky sorts—that's the stuff for doggy feasting.

One's grateful to the newspaper scribes who seek to familiarise the public with the real delights of such sport as the recent open Bloodhound Trials at Savernake, over Lord Ailesbury's estates, and the great Sheepdog Trials. But it's queer how delusions persist. "... suggest something unpleasant and even sinister ... the commonly-held view that the tracking down of a criminal with dogs is unwarrantably cruel. ... *There was no sign of ferocity.* ..." It's amazing that such disclaimers should still be called for.

The Bloodhound's attitude towards tracking has its strong sporting element, and, for the rest, is technical, even scientific; and, like the Bloodhound himself, about as far removed from the sinister, the cruel, the "ferocious," as chess is from bull-baiting, as steeplechasing is from sadism or devil-worship. The nature of the Bloodhound, more, perhaps, than that of any other member of the canine family, is distinguished by its mildness, magnanimity, fidelity, natural courtesy, and reflective, philosophic sagacity. He will track his man with tireless perseverance, but as for making any physical attack upon him, will no more consider it than would the ermine-clad law lord on the bench. He never has "gleaming ruby eyes," by the way, though the haws beneath them gleam redly, like human lips. His eyes are dark, soft, beautiful; his normal character knightly beyond reproach.

But one qualification is called for in paying tribute to the charm and interest of the working Sheepdog, as pal and companion. His adaptability and intelligence are beyond praise; he will misunderstand you far less often than most human friends, and bore you never. But there's a kind of cruelty, an almost wicked sort of wastefulness, about importing a real, trained working Sheepdog into any way of life that's mainly sedentary; into any home which shuts him off from abundant exercise and some real work, *in the open*; the life of villadom or flatdom is for him outrageously unnatural, and forces decadence upon him.

Lanchester Cars

A trial run will convince you that there is nothing quite like the Lanchester, Will you make an appointment?

THE already high reputation of Lanchester Cars is still further enhanced by the latest production — the 21 h.p. 6-cylinder model. It is an outstanding example of British Automobile Engineering embodying all those features that experience has shown to be most desirable. It has a four-speed gear box of special design and the simplest and safest method of four-wheel braking yet devised. Accessibility and simplicity are conspicuous features, whilst the overhead valve engine is remarkable for its power combined with silence and flexibility.

21 H.P. 6-cylinder 6-seat Enclosed Drive Limousine.

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Cider Cup for New Year Parties

1 large bottle of Bulmer's Pomagne, broken ice, fresh fruit, orange, pineapple, bananas, slice of lemon, dash of Maraschino. Soda-water to taste.

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·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

"Waits."

The name originally signified night watchmen who carried musical instruments. Later, however, it was applied to the night minstrels who make music at Christmas time — a remnant of the old-time minstrels attached to Courts and feudal dwellings.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

John Begg!

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

By Appointment since 1848.

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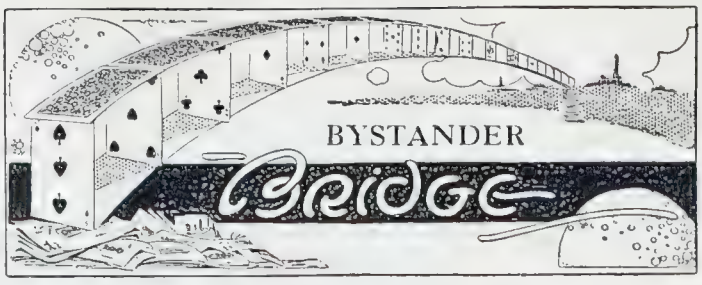


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

PROBLEM OF DEDUCTION

In the second week of Competition No. VI, I set the following Problem of Deduction: Score: Y, Z love; A, B game and 9. Z deals and bids "one Heart"; A "one Spade"; Y "two Hearts"; B "two Spades." B holds:

S—J, 10, 9. H—A, K, 9, 3. D—9, 2. C—K, Q, 10, 9.

B is now able to place all the high cards in the other hands. Can you do the same? And state what Z, A, and Y hold, giving reasons for your deductions?

. . . . . .

Here is the solution:

(1) Z's bid of "one Heart" must have been from five or six to Q, J, 10. Now an initial bid of one of a suit is only justifiable at love score without top honours when the bidder holds two quick tricks outside. (See my *Auction Bridge Made Clear*, pages 42-44.) It is probable, therefore, that Z's two quick tricks are two Aces.

(2) Y has assisted Z's bid. He therefore holds three or four small Hearts supported by two quick tricks outside. (Shepard's *Auction to Win*, page 157.) These cannot be two Aces if Z has two Aces, as B has one. Nor can they be King, Queen of Clubs plus King, Queen of Diamonds—for B holds King, Queen of Clubs. Nor are they likely to be King, Queen of Spades plus King, Queen of Diamonds as Spades King, Queen are likely to be with A. They must, therefore, be Ace and King of Diamonds.

(3) A should have not less than five Spades, and be able to make at least five tricks if Spades are trumps. [See Bergholt's *Royal Auction Bridge* (1920 edition), page 81.] His hand ought to contain one and half quick tricks, the half quick trick if not the whole quick trick being in his suit. (See Shepard's book, page 42.) As all the four Aces have been accounted for, his whole quick trick must be a King-Queen; and as B has the King and Queen of Clubs, and Y the King of Diamonds, the King-Queen quick trick must be in Spades.

(4) King, Queen and three small Spades would reckon to produce only three actual tricks, even if Spades are trumps. A must therefore hold besides what (when trumps are exhausted) may be expected to bring in two additional tricks. But the only Honours left unaccounted for are in Diamonds, the Queen, Jack, and 10, and in Clubs, the Jack and 10. The Queen, Jack, 10 to be the equivalent of one trick must be all in one hand, and this must be A's hand. Even so, A must have a potential trick in Clubs; the Jack properly guarded.

(5) B is holding two honours in Spades, two in Hearts, and three in Clubs. As his total of honours is only seven, the doubtful honour (10 of Hearts) must be with Z.

(6) Z has thus five honours. With Y's two and B's seven this leaves six to A. Those six must be: S—K, Q. D—Q, J, 10. C—J.

The solution would thus be:

Z: S—A, x. H—Q, J, 10, x, x. D—x, x, x, x. C—A, x.
A: S—K, Q, x, x, x. H—x. D—Q, J, 10. C—J, x, x, x.
Y: S—x, x, x. H—x, x, x. D—A, K, x, x. C—x, x, x.
B: S—J, 10, 9. H—A, K, 9, x. D—9, x. C—K, Q, 10, 9.

. . . . . .

Now you may say all this is pure theory and that B could not possibly place the cards like that with any certainty. I admit that it was not an absolute certainty that his diagnosis was correct. But it was a very strong probability.

The example is interesting as showing what may be done in the way of deduction from the bidding.

. . . . . .

The first problem in the Competition was:—

Score: love. Z deals and holds:

S—J, 3, 2. H—A, K, 3. D—9, 7, 5, 4, 2. C—A, K.

What should Z say?

To my great surprise most of the competitors gave as solution "No bid." Well, I don't want to be too emphatic or too dogmatic, but I can only say that I consider it almost criminal to pass on such a hand, and I should dislike to have as partner a player who did so.

Consider the position. Most players, even conservative callers, will bid No-Trumps on three bare Aces. Here is a hand which is better than three Aces. It has four certain tricks in No-Trumps. If the holder passes on it he certainly will not be able to show his strength on the second round.

In my opinion there is no doubt that a bid should be made upon it.

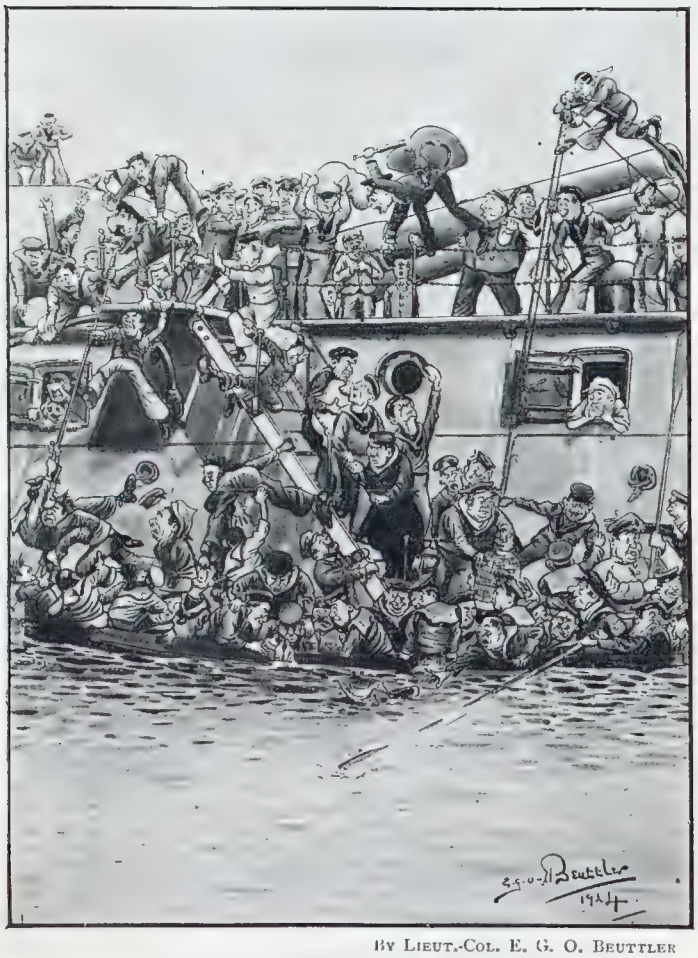
I would admit a call of "one Club," but I think "one No-Trumps" the better bid. With reasonable assistance from partner it might well prove a game-winner.

The prejudice against bids with short suits is still very strong amongst many players. They count up their losers rather than their winners, and wonder what is going to happen if they are left in with the bid and find their partner with nothing. This is an entirely wrong point of view, and one of the most fruitful causes of losing at Bridge. You should never proceed on the assumption that your partner has a trickless hand. Bidding up pays better than sitting back. You may get caught sometimes by forward bidding, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing you are not missing opportunities.

Do not imagine from this that I am recommending wild bidding. Far from it. The point that I am trying to ram home is that when you have four certain winners in your hand, you should certainly make an additional bid of some sort.

. . . . . .

The funny part is that many players will make an initial bid on much less strength. They are dazzled by length in a suit, forgetting the fact that length in a suit is weakness not strength if that suit does not become trumps. The longer I play the more convinced I am that the quick-trick system of bidding is the best that has been devised, the greatest game-winner and the most profitable proposition.



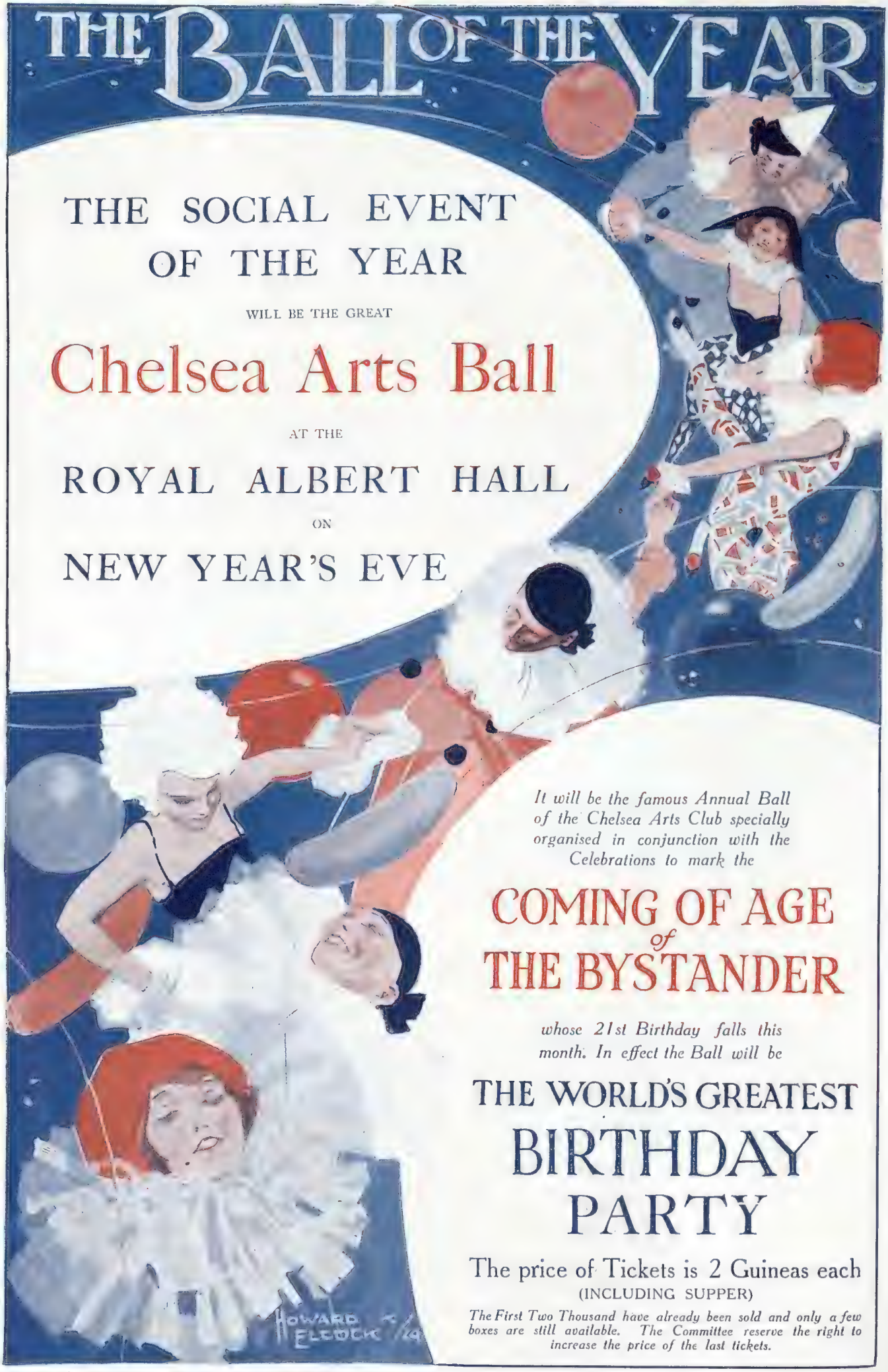
By Lieut.-Col. E. G. O. Beuttler

"AWAY, CHRISTMAS LIBERTY MEN!"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

SOME LIKELIHOOD OF A SUDDEN MOVE AT THE BASE.

THE BALL OF THE YEAR



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(INCLUDING SUPPER)

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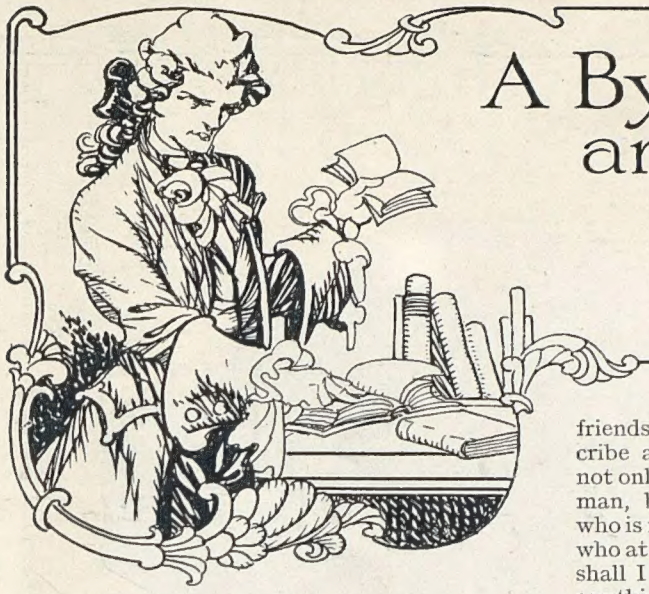

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

Two admirable Christmas presents suggest themselves to my bookish mind. There is a classic which has never received the wide attention its merits deserve. This is Richard Garnett's *The Twilight of the Gods* (Lane: 21*s.* net), which has now been re-issued in an *edition de luxe*. Mr. Henry Keen's illustrations have virility and a quality of their own, and they do not misinterpret the text, as so often can happen. As for the stories themselves—I can only say that if you have never read them, there is a treat in store for you. It is a most beautiful book—the ideal present. And much the same I could say about the two green volumes which contain Swinburne's *Poetical Works* (Heinemann: 2 vols., 7*s.* 6*d.* net each), just the books for which I have long been waiting. Here, surely, is about the cheapest treasure you could hope to acquire. And it is not a selection: the edition, with its two thousand pages, is complete. Let us hope that the prose works will duly appear in the same format.

⁂

You may remember a joyously unusual first novel, called *Joppert and Son*. The author, Mr. C. H. Le Bosquet, has followed it up with a really original and highly entertaining romance called *The Double Life of Janet Ashby* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Of course, from the days when Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde became so peculiarly entangled in each other, the novelists have been fairly busy with the idea of double personality, but Mr. Le Bosquet has hit on a method of treatment which is entirely his own, and his book is one of the best of its kind, if not actually the best, that I have ever read.

⁂

Usually the unfortunate person who wakened to find himself somebody else retains his own body; almost always he keeps his own sex. This, however, will not satisfy Mr. Le Bosquet. His Janet, whom her friends would probably describe as "a really *nice* girl," not only changes into a young man, but into a young man who is not of her own class, and who at the time of their—what shall I say?—coalescence, is anything but a respectable member of society. In point of fact this Mr. Jack Fielding is a burglar and a sneak-thief. At the same time it cannot be denied that he is "a fine figure of a man," and the imprisoned Janet speedily succumbs to his charms. Moreover, little by little she succeeds in impressing a part of her own personality upon him and turns him into a decent fellow.

⁂

It all sounds impossibly mad—until you read it. The author has obviously enjoyed putting his story into a deliciously scientific framework. You are supposed to be present at a prolonged professional investigation of the case. You are even expected to pay particular attention to certain of its more peculiar phases because the case itself may not be so rare as most psychologists would seem to believe. And then it may occur to you that the writer's satire is rather more pungent than it would appear to be. The novel will certainly amuse you—it contains a first-class story, and it is written in a delightfully crisp style; but it will also cause you to think, for just at those moments when Janet's own account of her experiences sounds most preposterous, you will possibly discover as pretty a little piece of feminine psychology as you are likely to find. It may be that the book will not have a great popular success—perhaps it is just too subtle—but you should make a particular point of reading it. It is really very good indeed.

⁂

After reading the publisher's announcement on the jacket of Miss Gertrude Spinny's new novel, *Much Delusion* (Arnold: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), you prepare yourself for yet another story of mediumistic practices and the dangers of spiritualism. But although it is true that a half-demented clergyman is endeavouring to call up the spirit of a beloved nephew who has committed suicide, the story for the most part is concerned with the love of a world-famous baritone for an English girl who belongs to the very respectable middle-classes. Why Mr. "Redman" is obliged to take a holiday in a Sussex village and hide his real identity, and in what way his friend, the admirable Fontana, arranges his love-affair for him, I will not say, but in spite of a faint disappointment that so little comes of the séances, I found the book most enjoyable to read, and imagine that you will agree with me in thinking that it is a clever and agreeable piece of work.

⁂

Mr. Conal O'Riordan has now added a fourth volume to his monumental saga of Adam of Dublin. *Married Life* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) may be enjoyed even if you have not read all or any of its predecessors. Adam is on the stage and in love with an actress, but an old flame of his whom he can never resist unexpectedly comes along and marries him. The marriage is not a success. There you have the plain story, but it is in his embroidery that Mr. O'Riordan so distinctively shines. His account, for instance, of the great Nelson play, which is produced by Mr. Onsin, the popular actor-manager complete with theatre and wife, is a gorgeously ironical piece of work. Barbara, Adam's wife, is an elusive young lady, and I suspect that the author has his own idea as to how she should have been treated. Certainly poor Adam's methods do not succeed. The book is leisurely, but it makes most excellent reading.

Sasha

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

A scene from "No Man's Land," at the St. Martin's Theatre. Miss Haidée Wright (left) as Anna, the old French woman, on whom the German princess, Miss Betty Ross Clark (right), is billeted

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MAYS A.A.

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